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# BUSY MAN'S



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MINI MARGUERITE ANGLES

THE FIFTEEN CANADIAN ACTRESS IS NOW STARRING IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA BOWEN" (PAGE 22)

# The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XIX TORONTO DECEMBER 1909

No 2



## The Good Old Fashion

An Essay in the Direction of the Better Enjoyment of Yuletide Festivities

By F. RAYMOND COULSON

"GIVE everybody's love to everybody so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody." Those are my sentiments about Christmas. For I am an astonishingly old-fashioned person. And in spite of repeated assurances that Christmas is decaying, I am convinced that the entire populace of the British Isles (and of the Britains beyond the seas) are astonishingly old-fashioned persons too.

It is one of the little affections of this foolish young century that Christmas is played out, that its sentiment has departed, and that it has become a nuisance and a bore. But if that is the case, how is it that at this season we expend ten million golden sovereigns in Good Cheer?

How is it that eighteen million Christmas puddings steam on festive boards, and that the mistletoe bough is still thoughtfully suspended in convenient situations?

"Do you know that you are dying fast?" demands the New Age, addressing Father Christmas.

"Am I?" exclaims that surprised old gentleman—a remarkably hale old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye. "Then what is the meaning of these gay decorations, these happy throngs, these crowded toy shops, and this magnificent display of turkeys?" And Father Christmas laughs—a good-natured, robustous laugh, that goes rousing responsive echoes all round the world.

We know that make-believe cynic, that ineffectual pretender, who ac-

tively employs himself at this time of year in proclaiming that Christmas is a depressing nuisance, and that he will be profoundly glad when it is over. But cast an observant eye on the doings of this supercilious person. Do you find them supporting his protestations? Do you find him holding haughtily aloof, treating Christmas and its merry-making with disdain? Do you find him on Christmas Day austere sitting down to a mutton chop or a frugal repast of cold meat and pickles?

No! You find him hoisterously sending his plate up for a second helping of turkey, and exhibiting special gusto in regard to the accompanying sausages. You find him hilariously merry, with a paper cap on his head, pulling crackers, smoking big cigars, pledging everybody in a-sail, and making strenuous efforts to entice the prettiest young lady in the company under the mistletoe. And later on you will find him the life and soul of the party, lustily singing songs, playing hunt the slipper, propounding ingen-



The bewitching but popular Christmas Ghost.

ious conundrums, and superintending the snap-dragon.

We know these sombre misanthropes who despise Christmas, and assure us contemptuously that it is obsolete. We meet them going home on Christmas Eve, veritable Father Christmases themselves, with bulging pockets, bulky parcels, and beaming countenances. We meet them at the toy emporium, absorbed in the mechanism of talking dolls and clockwork trains. We meet them intently gazing into the windows of jewellers' shops at nice little gold locket and chains and pendants bearing the intimation, "Suitable for Christmas Presents." We meet them at the poulterer's pointing at the largest goose on the hook, and inquiring, "What does that one weigh?" We meet them at the wine merchant's, ordering mellow port, and ginger wine, and Benedictine from the monastery. And these are the people who call the Christmas festival humbug!

Oh, the humbings! It is often said, with doleful shaking of heads, that if Dickens could come back he would be sorely hurt and disappointed at the change that has developed in the spirit of Christmas. But I don't think he would. We have discarded some of the old customs, but we have established new. And Dickens would discover as much warmth of heart, and charity, and kindness, and good humor as when he was enthusiastically preaching his gospel of Kind Hearts and Merry Souls.

Indeed, I think that instead of disappointment, Dickens would experience gladness in his coming back. He would find fewer Scrooges and more Fezziwigs—though the Fezziwigs might at first try to assume disguises and delude him into the belief that they were cynics. He would find a prodigious packing of Christmas hampers to rejoice the hearts of Tiny Tims. He would find gigantic conspiracies at work for the whole-



The life and soul of the party

sale diffusion of dolls, toys, chocolates, creams, oranges, and mince pies. He would find bustling gentlemen and sweet-faced ladies tying up parcels of crackers and puddings, and firing them off with such remarkable precision of aim as to land on the doorsteps of the very people who wanted them most and didn't expect them—the little people in the alleys and the mean streets.

He would find Happiness—and Laughter Agencies flourishing—agencies of Goodwill that were undreamt of in the days when he heard the Cbimes and sang his Christmas Carol. He would find that above all things Mrs. Britannia has deter-

mined to look after the children: that national bodies, local bodies, public bodies, private bodies, and in fact everybody's concern is to sweeten the lives of the children, not only at Christmas, but all the year round.

He would find that Dumble had vanished, and that the workhouse was by no means such a forbidding institution to reside in nowadays as it was in his day. He would find that not only the young folk, but the old folk and the sick, are cared for as he never had the happiness of seeing them cared for. He would find a thousand generous streams of charity brightly flowing in every direction through a distinctly im-

proved world. And when he had surveyed all these things with delight in his eyes and gladness in his heart and a glow of satisfaction on his kind, sympathetic face, imagine our twentieth century cynic approaching him with the remark, "We have outgrown that sentimental stuff of yours, you know, Mr. Dickens. Christmas is out of date. We think it a nuisance and a bore. The Dickens Christmas is altogether a thing of the past."

Mr. Dickens, like Father Christmas himself, would respond with a genial laugh, and gently patting our cynic on the shoulder, he would exclaim in his most joyous and emphatic tones, "My dear sir, I don't believe it!"

Being an old-fashioned person, I confess that there are some Christmas institutions, once cherished, that

I now miss. I deplore the disappearance of the terrifying but popular Christmas ghost. I miss the weird stories of haunted bellies and loosely grauges; and the wondrous yarns about snowed-up travelers who went through the most appalling vicissitudes on Christmas Eve, and emerged triumphantly out of them into perfect security and joy on Christmas morning. I miss the mysterious Christmas hampers that used to arrive from nowhere, and the benevolent uncles who came from the ends of the earth, staggering under loads of riches, and arrived just in the nick of time to make suffering heroes and heroines happy.

Poor old clown and pantaloons, too, have gone, with their red-hot pokers and strings of sausages. And the waits are under the ban of the New Age. It is now the fashion to sneer at the waits—and in some cases even to greet them with active hostility. Last Christmas four of these pathetic survivors of a bygone day were actually handed before a magistrate for singing and playing instruments with the object of gathering alms! What would our dear old grandfathers have thought of that?

The magistrate, however, after hearing these sighted performers warble, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" to a cornet and fiddle accompaniment, honorably acquitted them with his compliments, and a Christmas box. And I hope that the kind old gentleman enjoyed a particularly merry Christmas.

I confess with shameless assurance that I

like the waits. When at 3 a.m., they issue the summons, "Christians, awake!" I obediently do so. I assuredly harbor no resentment against them for arousing me. On the contrary, their visitation diffuses a genial glow of satisfaction throughout my being; for, nestling comfortably among the blankets, I chuckle to think how much pleasure

their performance is for me inside than for them outside. I would much rather be in bed at 3 a.m. on a cold, raw, dark, foggy December morning than standing out there in the road with cold nose and frozen fingers, blowing a cornet or fiddling "The Mistletoe Bough" in order to earn an honest slopence.

There is something very Christ-massy in "The Mistletoe Bough"—that old familiar tune, "stretched measure of an antique song." It is undeniably doleful, but it awakens echoes of old Christmases and memories of old friends. And when their music is done and they have tramped off into the darkness I am grateful to the waits for giving me a more exquisite pleasure still—the fresh settling down to sleep. I know of no greater luxury than to wake up

in the middle of the night in winter, to enjoy the consciousness of warmth and repose, and then to sink off blissfully again to sleep.

And however bitterly the twentieth century may sneer at the Christmas waits they are far preferable to those other Christmas waits that you get in excursion trains.

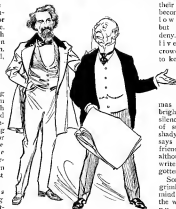
Our cynics tell us that Christmas cards also have lost their charm and become a mere hollow convention, but this, too, I deny. Most people live lives too crowded and busy to keep up correspondence with their numerous friends; and the Christmas card flashes brightly across the silence like a ray of sunshine in a shady place. It says to the distant friend, "You see, although I don't write I haven't forgotten you."

Some people of grimly practical mind declare that the wish, "A Happy Christmas," whether conveyed by oral greeting or by card, can really make no difference to your happiness. But I affirm that it does make a difference. This can easily be demonstrated by taking the negative view. Suppose everybody carefully refrained from uttering a seasonable compliment, and not a single soul wished us a Happy Christmas.

Again, it is affirmed that scarcely anybody reads the verses on Christmas cards. People, we are assured,



At the boy  
emporium



"My dear sir,  
I don't believe it!"

have grown so accustomed to all the familiar wishes and poetical sentiments, that they are "taken as read."

This may be so, though I don't admit it. But perhaps a concession to the critical spirit might be made. This is an age of alert intelligence—of keen eagerness to acquire instructive facts and useful knowledge in the briefest form; and it might propitiate the sneering objectors to Christmas cards if something useful were embodied in them—something that would plead for their continuance on the ground of stern utility. For example, the inscription might run:

May Christmas Day be Glad and bright,  
And fill your Heart with Pure Delight.  
A Bar of Iron worth £1,  
Worked into Horseshoes is worth £2.

This would be pleasing and informative to the recipient. And education might be imparted on Christmas morning by this:  
May Richest Christmas Joys be Thine.

To Remove Grease Spots,  
And Renovate an old Silk Hat,  
Rub well with Beer on a Soft Linen Rag.

There are great possibilities in this idea. But, on the whole, I incline to the belief that the sentimental will still prevail over the matter-of-fact, and that we shall unrepentantly continue to follow the good old fashion.



"Christians awake!"



DOG BREAKFAST SCENE IN "THE SINS OF SOCIETY"

## In the Field of Drama

By  
J. J. DINGWALL

IT is a fact worthy of note that at the present writing the most distinctive and important feature of the dramatic season is that the chief niche of popularity and theatrical excellence is occupied by a Canadian actress in a dramatised novel, all of the success of which is entirely due to feminine ingenuity and skill. The actress is Miss Margaret Anglin, of Ottawa by birth, but in point of residence and nativity, of New Brunswick. In her new play, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," Miss Anglin has achieved the triumph of her dramatic career. From being hailed as the suc-

cessor of Clara Morris, with tear-compelling force as her greatest asset, Miss Anglin has risen to far greater heights than even her most devoted admirers dared to prophesy. Of course, she is vastly helped in her field of endeavor by the excellent dramatization that Miss Charlotte Thompson has made of Margaret Deland's popular story. However it be, woman dramatists have been prone to lose the thread of dramatic entities, and dissection of human impulses and human emotions of the more rugged standard have been among the missing quantities that make for a play of ap-

pealing directness and convincing conclusions.

It is, therefore, worthy of note that such a positive success due entirely to three women should signalize the present dramatic season. Miss Anglin's round-the-world tour has been her salvation. It has broadened her art and widened her dramatic horizon of view to an extent that is only appreciated by those who have seen her earlier efforts and now witness her most recent triumph. Her emotional voice is still potent, but no longer are her tears constantly on tap. She is a new Margaret Anglin, the comedienne, displaying a new volatile grace in her portrayal of this titular heroine. To quote her own words: "My world-beating trip has given me a new view of everything—a bigger view. And I hope it has subdued my acting." "I don't feel the part for long," she continued. "If I did I would be dead."

Speaking of the biggest thing she had seen in her circuit of the world, in a hushed, awed manner, she explained that the vastest thing in all the world, the spectacle that pushes outwardly the walls of the soul and grants one the deepest spiritual intake, was the Libyan Desert. "To be lost on the desert, as my sister and I were, is to become acquainted with one's own self all over again, and to know what a tiny nothing one is. I want to go back. I will go back. I have the same curiosity about that desert that I have about the future—about eternity. It is as big. I think it is good for an actress to leave the stage for a while. She brings back to it something new and unused within her."

All of which interpolation in a brief dramatic review explains better than any critique can the remarkable success achieved by this brilliant Canadian artist—perhaps the most intelligent actress that Canada has ever produced. And, remember, Miss Margaret Anglin is still young and a prodigious student of the drama.

The intrinsic value of the drama is

well displayed at Maxine Elliott's theatre, where that scholarly actor of distinct personality—Forbes Robertson—is delighting refined audiences with Jerome K. Jerome's most recent offering, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The beauty and pleasing nature of this play stands unquestioned. There seems some doubt as to the narrowness of its appeal, but there is never a room for doubt as to its dramatic uplift.

And, speaking of dramatic uplift, the present season begins well. The most impressive offering so far has been William Faversham's production of "Herod," at the Lyric theatre, a tragedy by Stephen Phillips, and originally produced by Sir Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's theatre, London. The generous acclaim that has attended Mr. Faversham precludes his appearance in Canada until next year. It is by far the most ambitious effort that this popular actor has ever undertaken, and at once places him at the top of the heap as an actor-manager and producer.

Continuing on the subject of dramatic uplift, it is well to focus one's vision upon the New Theatre, which will have been open to the public by the time this is in print. The first offering scheduled for public approval is "Anthony and Cleopatra." With unlimited capital behind this theatrical enterprise; with a stock company of unusual excellence and a managerial roster that ought to spell triumph, the first production of the New Theatre is awaited with more than ordinary curiosity. In fact, the conclusion of the whole matter is that never before in the annals of New York theatricals has a season ever begun so auspiciously or so laden with hope and promise of solid dramatic results.

Optimism is the pervading keynote and lends an air of cheerfulness that was perceptibly lacking last year. Since the first of August thirty or more new attractions have been presented. Only a dozen of them have survived the acid test of popular



THE MATINEE GIRL

IN "THE TWO FACES OF EVE" AT THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW YORK



EDGIE BOWES AND EVA FALLON  
IN A SCENE IN HENRY W. SALTZMAN PRODUCTION OF "THE LOVE CURSE"

merit and are listed amongst the plays that possess life and lasting qualities. "The Bridge," "The Sins of Society," "The Dollar Mark," "The Melting Pot," "The Fourth Estate," "The Fortune Hunter," have all attracted serious attention. Of comedies and farces, "Such a Little Queen," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and "Arsene Lupin" have been the best-liked. Of musical productions, "The Love Cure," "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Rose of Algeria" and "The Dollar Princess" have been conspicuous for their popular appeal.

In his new play, "Inconstant George," Joan Drew has a role fully as congenial and admirable as was Jack Straw of last year. Although well produced and well acted, "The White Sister" did not serve Viola Allen to lasting value, having been withdrawn after a two months' run at Daly's theatre. As an interesting bit of theatrical history, it may be mentioned that "The White Sister" has a record of being one of the few plays ever dramatized by the medium of correspondence. Before his untimely death, Marion Crawford had been approached by his collaborator, Walter Hackett, a widely-known newspaperman, with a view to a dramatization of his popular story. Preliminary arrangements having been satisfactory, Mr. Hackett began work. As scene after scene and situation and

dialogue became complete, they were sent to Mr. Crawford at his Italian villa. Neither of the co-authors met with a view to personal exchange of ideas. Mr. Crawford died before the completion of the play, and as it stands to-day, it is a remarkable example of playwrighting by mail.

In "The Widow's Might," Miss Lillian Russell once again demonstrated her ability as a comedienne. It is a far cry from comic opera to straight comedy, but Miss Russell has nego-

tiated the distance with credit to herself and pleasure to her audiences. In her role of a widow with matrimonial proclivities and pestered by eligible Wall St. brokers, Miss Russell shone to distinct advantage.

A theatrical incident of moment was the opening of one new theatre, the Comedy, with a brand new drama and a star new to Broadway. "The Melting Pot," with Walker Wight-

side as the star, has served to give Israel Zangwill new vogue, and promises to last the whole season without molestation. It deals with a situation that is face to face with the American public, but which is so far foreign to the Canadian public. The race problem may some day be a live topic of issue in Canada, but at present the national crucible wherein all the European nationalities are lodged and from which emerges the typical Am-



ADELAIDE BOWLAND  
WITH MELTNER & BROWN IN "THE RACE"





LEATRICE HARBEN Photo by Burpee, N. Y.  
APPEARING IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS" AT THE NEW PLAY OF W. J. LANE

erican, is far away in the vista of possibilities.

A drama that has created much comment of a favorable nature, and that is distinctly sensational is "The Fourth Estate," a newspaper play by Joseph Medill Patterson, who is also the author of "The Little Brother of the Rich," which is slated for an early production. "The Fourth Estate" has for its central theme the corruption of the modern judiciary, and the maintenance of the integrity of the press. Since its first production, the ending has been changed and the spectacle of a managing editor of a great daily committing suicide in full view of the audience has been eliminated and the gruesomeness of this scene has been softened. The third act scene, with its insight into the publication of a great daily paper, has never been equalled for realism on any stage.

There is not much of the cynical Bernard Shaw preserved in "The Chocolate Soldier," but there is very much of the Strauss music, and for this there is much joy to all music lovers. The same satirical stab at the military mad girl and the soldier with the chocolate cream backbone is in evidence, but the music of Strauss would carry any libretto of the most mediocre quality. "The Chocolate Soldier" is a positive ear pleasure and as a production is a constant delight. When originally produced as a comedy, with the title "Arms and the Man," England was military mad, and the derisive manner in which Shaw treated the subject will linger long in memory.

In the same line of entertainment as the above opera bouffe, is "The Dollar Princess," a new musical comedy direct from London. They do these things better abroad than here. By that is meant that such musical comedies are the combined efforts of a syndicate of creators. One is responsible for the book, another for the lyrics, another for the music, and so on. Each one is a specialist in his own line, and the result is generally a

wholesome, healthy and pleasing diversion. Mr. Charles Frohman has given his usual magnificent scenic investiture to "The Dollar Princess," and with it a cast that could not well be improved upon.

It can hardly be said with accuracy that Henry W. Savage's annual offering, "The Love Cure," wore out its welcome at the New Amsterdam theatre. It is always good for a return date. However, this musical romance of stageland was obliged to make good road contracts here and in Canada, and what is New York's loss is the corresponding gain of other theatrical localities.

"The Rose of Algeria," another musical play that served to show Victor Herbert at his best, delighted large audiences until it was called upon to do road duty. Much of its success was due to a well-known Canadian, Eugene Cowles, who had the leading male role. Outside of Mme. Albani, Mr. Cowles is probably the most talented singer that Canada has ever sent out. "The Rose of Algeria" ought to live long and attain a mature prosperity. A new musical play by Hartley Manners and Julian Edwards is always an event of importance in the theatrical world. Add to this the whimsical personality of Sam Bernard, and it becomes a feature, and this is what "The Girl and the Wizard" has proven at the Casino. As Hermann Scholz, a lapidary, Mr. Bernard is doing the best acting of his whole career. There is but a scant thread of plot upon which to hang so much action, but who ever cares for plot in musical comedy or opera?

That is one field of entertainment where the play is not the thing. The titillation of eye and ear and risibilities are the things to be desired.

One of the most virile and wholesome American comedies seen here in years is "The Fortune Hunter," by Winchell Smith. It is a play of contemporaneous life and every character in it is a real live one—one that has a personal appeal. The various types are those with which theatre-



Photo by WHA. N. Y.

RUBY LEWIS

As they appear in "THE OLIVER STAN"



MISS EVA FALLON

As MILDRED BOLLMAN in "THE LOVE LURE"

goers come in contact every day, the young Wall Street money-getter, the banker's daughter, the drummer, the bank clerk and a number of village characters, all of whom are involved in a display of the lighter emotions and not a few of the more serious ones.

What was announced as a new musical diversion by that versatile writer, John J. McNally, "In Hayti," served to show that brace of funny comedians, McIntyre and Heath, in their most humorous vein. It is not too much to say that this team of laugh-makers are alone in the skill and fidelity with which they depict the real Ethiopian character.

A new play by Augustus Thomas is in itself sufficient to command serious attention and this is what his most recent drama is doing. Of late years Mr. Thomas, who is by all odds the most distinguished of native American dramatists, has been delving into psychology, and emerging from his delving with a handful of new and novel ideas. These, with his marvelous knowledge of dramatic technique and comprehensive scope of theatrical experience, he molds into plays that compel intelligent criticism and give the theatre-goer something solid and healthy to think about. Witness "The Witching Hour" of last year. Following closely the same lines of hypnotic suggestion and mental telepathy as a theme comes his new play, "The Harvest Moon," the most widely-discussed drama of the season. Whether Mr. Thomas's new play will achieve the popular vogue of "The Witching Hour" remains to be seen, but one thing is worthy of record, and that is the fact that "The Harvest Moon" is big with novelty that gives

the intelligent theatrical public something solid to grow upon.

Klaw and Erlanger's annual production has been made and weighed in the theatrical balance and found not wanting in any way. In "The Silver Star," the incomparable Adele Genet, is made the stellar feature. The lavishness of "The Silver Star," and the ponder-cost of one hundred that make its success, adds another to the list of good things furnished annually by this firm.

Frederic Thompson has failed to make the public like the new name of Nell, which he has chosen for his talented wife, Mabel Talliaferro, but he has succeeded in giving her the play of her life. "Springtime," in which she is now happy and successful, is a delightful personal play and suggests new mown hay or a field of flowers at sunset. It carries one back to dreamland, sweet thoughts and pure ideas. It is a play of home, sweet home, and higher tribute could not be paid than this.

Much was expected of "Israel," the Henri Bernstein drama, but beyond the one enormous third act, it fell far short of expectations. In its culmination of theatrical sensation, "Israel," scored as no drama has in recent years. But in the devious methods of leading up to this one big climax, the famous French dramatist has led his listeners through a mass of dreary detail, that hardly recompenses for the thrill of the third act.

Altogether, the present theatrical season begins with much that is admirable and is fraught with promises of more good things to follow. The aureole of hope and optimism is in evidence amongst both author-dramatist and manager.

## Yule-Tide at Laidcourt Manor

By

HELEN E. WILLIAMS.

ALLISON HOLT, of the firm Queechy, McQuillen, Laidlaw & Holt, sat in his swivel chair staring stupidly at the letter he held open on the desk before him with one hand, while he clutched vainly at his close-cropped hair with the other. He had found it, unopened, among the legal documents which Mr. McQuillen had handed him that morning to "just cast your eye over." And as he had been delegated to answer all such correspondence as should come after the other members of the firm had left for the Christmas holidays, he had, as a matter of course, slid his finger under the flap, and glanced down the fine, old-fashioned writing to the slanting signature, Henry P. Strickman, at the bottom. It was dated back several days, and as he read his lips formed in a soundless whistle.

"Dear Mr. Laidlaw:—

"I find I shall have a two hours' wait at Colchester on my way through to H— on Thursday next, Dec. the 24th inst. Remembering the cordial invitation which you extended to me some weeks ago, I take the liberty of advising you of my whereabouts on said night, so that if—as you gave me to understand was often the case—you should be spending the holidays at 'Laidcourt Manor,' I may give myself the pleasure of waiting on you there.

"Looking forward to inspecting your father's pictures—particularly the Tintoretto—should I hear nothing

to the contrary in the meantime, believe me to be,

Your obedient, humble servant.

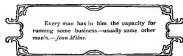
"Henry P. Strickman."

Allison had almost forgotten a certain Sunday afternoon episode, now nearly three weeks old. He had been sauntering along Sherbrooke Street, when he encountered the multi-millionaire, Henry P. Strickman, who was occasionally in and out of their office, though it was a grievance with the firm that the bulk of his legal difficulties was carried elsewhere for solvency. He was near-sighted, and seldom recognized the young lawyer out of the office, so that the latter was somewhat surprised at the warmth of his greeting. And still more so when an instant later a lady joined them from a group behind to hear: "My dear, let me present Mr. Laidlaw. Mr. Laidlaw, Mrs. Strickman."

"We were just speaking of you," said that lady, graciously, before the astonished Allison could correct her husband's error. "And of your charming chateau at Colchester. Do you still keep your gallery there? Mr. Strickman, as you know, is an enthusiast, where pictures are concerned, and we hear you have—"

Allison tried to speak, but his stammering denials were laughed away as modest depreciations of recognized worth.

"Of course, you have to say that," chirped Mrs. Strickman, "it wouldn't be quite what you young people call 'the thing,' would it, to say anything else? Although when a collection has



Every man has in him the capacity for running some business—usually some other man's.—from *Alfina*.

received the recognition which Judge Laidlaw's has from other countries, it may almost be said to—"

Her husband broke in eagerly. "And I have never seen it!" His voice dropped at the amazing ignorance of which it accused itself. "You know the number of times that dates have been set, both by your father and by me—and yet I have never seen it!"

Allison had by this time resigned himself to his fate. A block farther on and he could resurrect an old habit of his and call upon a college professor. Until then he might as well make the best of it, and play up to his part. Having decided which, he entered with a certain zest into the conversation.

"It is rather a jolly lot," he agreed, boyishly. "Running across so often and Pater has naturally picked up a few rather good things."

"And did he succeed in getting that *Tintoretto*?" the old man inquired with interest. "He was still negotiating the last time I saw him, and I never heard—"

For a passing moment Allison hesitated, then decided to do the handsomest thing by the father of his friend. "Surely. Had to haggle a bit—but he generally gets his way, does the Pater."

Mr. Strietman drew a long breath. "I should like to see it," he said, a little shakily. "Twice I went to Florence, for no other purpose. I traced it to London, where I learned it had been shipped to an American. And now your father has it!"

They were nearly opposite the professor's house, now, and with deliberation in sight Allison had grown reckless.

"You must come out to Laidcourt and see it," he said cordially. "Of course, the Pater is in Paris at present, but the rest of us are there every now and again, and would only be too delighted." And he tore himself away with inward congratulations that he had not revealed his true identity.

Later, over the telephone, he had extracted still more entertainment from the situation, by calling up young Laidlaw and mystifying him by insisting that he, Holt, was Laidlaw. And when the juvenility of this waned he suddenly inquired if their art gallery numbered a *Tintoretto* among its treasures.

"Heavens, no!" called back Laidlaw. "You'll be asking if we have 'The Fighting Temeraire' next. There really are limits, my dear fellow, though you don't seem to recognize them."

Whereupon Allison had informed him that if he didn't actually possess the picture, he had the next best thing—the credit of doing so. Explanations had been requested and given, in the midst of which young Laidlaw hung up the receiver in disgust. The two had had a little good-natured sparring, when they met, about the wisdom of confusing identities, especially with Strietman, who daily seemed more disposed to come into confidential relations with the firm.

"He's a big man—and a very small one," Laidlaw had summed up in conclusion. "Has to be handled with gloves sometimes, for he's a cantankerous old boy, and his queer, dry humor is not of the dependable kind. If one once got into his bad books it would settle his fate for good and all, so far as Strietman is concerned, I fancy."

Allison Holt remembered these and sundry other warnings as he sat scowling at the still little note. His financial status was hardly such as made him desirous of having his fate so settled. During the poorly-concealed elation attending the scattering of his senior partners, he had affected an exemplary absorption in his work to crowd out the thought of his own sacrificed trip to his far-away home, and of the family circle, incomplete, because he still had his way to make. Unless he thought to the purpose, and quickly, that "way" might not be an enviable one. For some minutes he

kept the line busy. But only learned that Arthur Laidlaw was spending the Christmas holidays in the country near Colchester—his man had forgotten the name of the place—with Senator Stowe, to whose daughter he was engaged; and that the man of vast concerns was out, and was expected back for a few minutes, only, prior to his taking the express for H—.

"Which helps me a lot, seeing that I knew it all before," ruminated Allison. "If I could only have caught Laidlaw—Well, this is pleasant! I must say! Mighty pleasant! This kills all chance of his giving us that corporation case, which means that little Allison boy will be told politely, oh! very politely, that the firm is re-organizing, and as his presence in it was only provisional, they have decided to take in the son of an old friend."

Allison knew many such who would jump at the chance. He saw them in prevision using his things, sitting in his place. And all because— He dismissed the office boy, with a "Merry Christmas," which sounded hollow to his own ears, and a tip which he knew to be extravagant. Leaving St. James' Street behind he drifted with the crowd, and presently found himself in the shopping district.

Here the stores were brave with Christmas decorations, Christmas toys—all the thousand and one ingenious inventions, so dear to the heart of believers in Santa Claus. He fell to watching the children, rich and poor, commingling, who stopped to gaze, spellbound, through windows at their most cherished dreams come true and smiling benignly down upon them in the shape of beautifully dressed dolls, or attracting worshipful glances, such as would have melted the stoniest-hearted parent, when the coveted possession was a steamboat with marvellous machinery, a toy automobile. A gun. The spirit of Christmas had somehow got into the air, into the sleighbells, into the happy, hurrying, merry throng. It seemed to soften and deepen where the Cathedral loom-

ed greyly through the mist of falling snow, to identify itself with the bass, organ tones of the church bells, summoning to choir practice, and yet to find its way into the poorer parts of the great city, and in the guise of self-sacrifice and loving service, beautify and redeem the ugliness of extreme poverty and squalor.

Allison, strolling, stopping, "taken back" a dozen times to other scenes and other years, could not help reflecting how differently it would all have looked if he could only have got hold of Laidlaw—if he only was Laidlaw. Suddenly, a little vein on his forehead began to beat. What if—why couldn't—the resemblance between them was slight, but the old fellow had mistaken him once— And he could act a bit, as per example, his old college plays.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud. "I've a good mind to try it!"

Some hours later he jumped down upon the little country platform at Colchester into a confusion of joyous re-unions, laughing voices, jingling bells, bumping trunks and trunks. Making his way through the crowd, he "took his bearings," and was soon plunging knee-deep through the soft, new-fallen snow. The country looked very different from the time he last saw it, when he came out for a week-end's trout fishing in early summer. But he had no difficulty in finding his way. The short winter afternoon was fast closing in as he sighted the massive cobblestone pillars, and snow-bowed Norway spruces, marking the entrance to "Laidcourt." And a few minutes' brisk walking brought him within sight of "Laidcourt Manor" itself. It was a large, wide-spreading building with numerous additions and picturesque turrets and balconies, and with its heavy frosting of white it looked not unlike a mammoth wedding cake. But as Allison steered for the tower, which was the picture gallery, he felt inclined to rub his eyes. Lights glimmered and twinkled from one side of the house. What could it mean? Could Laidlaw have

brought his friends here, after all? If he had!

"Extreme cases call for extreme measures," murmured Allison, and went from window to window to reconnoitre. At last he was rewarded. "Now, who in creation might you be?" he muttered, belligerently. "Not Laidlaw's crew, at any rate."

Through the window of what would appear to be the living-room an open fire danced and flickered across the faces of some eight or ten young people, all engorged in Christmas preparations. A boy of about eighteen was popping corn, which two girls, seated Aralwise on the floor, were respectfully scrupling to swell the snowy cascade already depending from the back of a chair, and shaking down among candles and nuts in small, cheese-cloth bags, which drew up at the top with bright-colored wool. In a corner of the room two boys were having a good deal of mercurial initiating a very lively old lady into the intricacies of coverting boughs of spruce into the long ropes with which another couple could be seen festooning the walls and pictures of a room beyond. And before a table on which were heaped all sorts of bright, home-made prettinesses, sat a girl, with her back to the window, doing up and lashing neat little parcels, each adorned with jaunty sprigs of holly. Even as he looked, another girl, decked out in a big kitchen apron, appeared on the threshold, and looked about her approvingly.

"It really begins to look and smell quite Christmassy," she observed.

"Poor Nell! You do like to have things festive, don't you?"

"Come here and see if you think this wreath is imposing enough to make a respectable showing in the hall."

"How'd your candy turn out, Nell?"

Nell raised a plate, holding what were obviously samples. "Perfectly fine," she said. "The foundation is all ready to be worked up into chocolates and date candy, while the fudge is out cooling now. Want to test

them, Bobby? Now, isn't that a dandy grain?"

"Fairish," conceded Bobby, without enthusiasm. "But don't be discouraged. When your maple cream and fudge is not so humpy, and your chocolates take heart of grace and sit up a little straighter, why then—"

But she had turned away to the table. "You are doing a hand-office business here, Marianne. What sweet little notes you have written. By the way, which of you boys are going to play Santa Claus for us?"

At the clamor, which this question evoked, the girl at the table turned round, and Allison caught at the shrub, behind which he was standing, to steady himself. That piquant ivory face, beneath the glory of red-brown hair, could belong to but one girl—the girl he had been trying all winter to meet. As he turned away from the window one foot felt strangely heavy, and he shook off something, which resisted obstinately—what, he was too perturbed to notice.

He waded across to the tower, more than ever anxious to avoid detection now. He had all a man's distaste for needless explanations, and such explanations as were due, he preferred unmaking to Laidlaw direct. Above all, not in the presence of the girl whose face made every other that he saw noticeable only as not being hers. In his hours of castle-building, he had sometimes visualized the scene of their first meeting. It was not the meeting which would ensue were he discovered to-night. Grimly he formulated plans which would lessen the chances of this. His simplest course would be to trust to luck and to the party's being engrossed in their work to pilot Strickman safely through the grounds. While once inside, the heavy wooden shutters, which, he observed with satisfaction, were closed just as the family had left them in the fall, would prevent the slightest glimmer of light from escaping. Monning the steps, he was surprised to find the key in the door—a negligence explained an instant after, when he pressed the but-

ton, and saw by the tracks of snow still on the floor, that somebody had been in lately, and had evidently forgotten to remove the key upon leaving. Allison spent some minutes moving from picture to picture, with the view of seeing how much his application to certain art journals, in whose pages he had buried himself on the way out, would stand him in stead for the coming ordeal. Then he switched off the lights again, and turning up his coat collar, sat down to pass the remaining three-quarters of an hour before it should be time to go to the station. He was just reflecting that it promised to be rather a tame affair, after all, and turning over ways in his mind by which he could effect an entrance to the house-party, to whom Laidlaw had evidently given the freedom of his place, once old Strickman was disposed of, when a sound, suspiciously like the crunching of snow under foot, caught his ear. He listened. Yes. Surely there was a movement outside. The blur of voices. Even as he wondered what it could mean, the door was jerked open.

"All pure rot, as I told Marianne," scolded a voice. "If by any chance one of their gang has been prowling about, is it likely he would be fool enough to hide in such an obvious place?"

"How do you account for the foot-prints on Nell's fudge, then?" inquired another voice. And Allison, shrinking farther back into the darkness, ejaculated inwardly, "The deuce! I did put my foot in it!"

"And the tracks in the snow?" pursued the voice. "Where the dickens is that button? Those girls won't rest easy now till we've ransacked the house, and looked under every bed, and behind every blooming—Hello! Well, by love!"

He had found the switch, and a white radiance flooded the room. Directly in their line of approach, and blinking before the sudden rush of light, stood Allison, a questionable figure, with his turned-up collar, and

uneasy smile. The two boys exchanged silent glances. Allison came forward.

"You are surprised to see me here," he began, "but if you will listen a few minutes I will—" he plunged into his tale, omitting only such details as he thought as well left unsaid. But neither of the boys followed him very closely, and the one called Bobby soon cut him short.

"Very pretty," he observed, dryly. "Very neat, and well worked up, too. It does credit to—er—your profession. It would be a pity to waste such ingenuity entirely upon our unappreciative ears. We will consequently give you an opportunity to relate your story before a larger, a more august audience. In other words, we will escort you to the sheriff, my friend."

"You don't believe me," cried Allison, "but I tell you I am Laidlaw's junior partner—I am Holt."

His captors bowed with exasperating politeness. "Exactly. You are Holt," they agreed. "And now, Mr. Holt, we are going to put you behind a bolt."

"I am damned if you are!" muttered Allison. "You don't realize the seriousness of this matter," he continued, with some heat.

"Perhaps not," laughed Bobby, "but I realize the chilliness of this room, all right. Come on. No more heroics, my friend."

"O-o-o-h!"

"Have you got him?"

"So that's the monster that spoiled my lovely fudge!"

With one consent they turned to the door, through which came a group of girls in hastily donned togues and loose coats, casting fearful glances at Allison's wrathful face, as they advanced. He snatched off his cap, and set his lips as he saw the girl with the glorious hair regarding him dubiously.

"Was he really going to—to take some of Judge Laidlaw's pictures?" she asked.

"Not he!" Bobby laughed. "Nothing so crude as that! He was only go-

ing to display them to a pal of his. Only have a little art appreciation, so to speak—what more natural on a night when people are obviously absorbed in perpetrating the Santa Claus act!"

The girl turned troubled eyes upon Allison. "He doesn't look like a—" she flushed, and stopped. "What does he say?" she amended. "What is his story?"

"Oh, the usual cooked-up species—with variations. See here, Marianne, don't you girls butt in. This isn't girl's business. You don't understand. Now run back to the fire, and leave us men to settle with—er—Mr. Holt. We'll hustle him over to McClatchie's," he went on, beginningly, as the girls made no move to go, "and if he's what he says, well and good, it will be proved. If not—"

"But that will take time, and knock my business all out," groaned Allison, taking his turn in the conversation again. "See here," he addressed himself to Bobby, "I know this looks mighty suspicious. And in your place I expect I might draw the same conclusions—probably would. I don't blame you. And I don't ask you to trust me alone a single minute. What I do ask is that you give me any chance to show this picture crank what he wants to see. As I said before—" rapidly he sketched the situation again from start to finish. "There's the whole thing in a nut-shell," he concluded, "and I can't help saying that you'll be making a big mistake, if you don't believe me."

Bobby drew some of the boys aside. "What do you think?" he whispered. "Of course, if it should turn out to be really as he says—if Arthur's firm has lately annexed a new partner—Everyone knows that Strickman is daff with pictures, and if our interference should queer some important deal—he's a touchy old lobster, I've heard—"

"You fellows see the difficulty in this, of course?" queried Auster.

"None of us knowing Strickman by sight, you mean? Yea, I've thought

of that," Bobby rubbed his nose, perplexedly. "And why couldn't he have come and asked, in the first place?" he mused out. "He had a tongue, hadn't he? So many of the summer cottages have been broken into this fall, and to calmly let in a sharper to spy out the lay of the land, even if he doesn't actually abstract anything this time—to be 'done,' and with our eyes open—Well, what do you say?" he broke off to ask.

But before the others had time to answer, the girls surrounded them, unable to restrain their curiosity any longer. What were they talking about all off there by themselves? What had they decided? They, the girls, that is, had decided that he was all right. And Marianne had gone to tell Parker to have the room properly heated, and the sleigh brought round at once, as the train was nearly due. And when the male element suggested that they were in something of a hurry, what did they know about Holt except what he chose to tell them, himself, they waxed highly indignant. "Now, you are horrid—simply horrid!" declared Nell. "He's a gentleman. The tone of his voice, the very look of him—"

"Oh, he's good enough looking, if you come to that," admitted Bobby, "and plausible enough, too—if that comes for anything. I should rather say it didn't, though. It's the tack the high-grade burglar takes these days."

Marianne now joined their circle, her cheeks a little flushed, mocking lights in her eyes challenging their criticism.

"The die is cast," she cried, gayly. "Good people all, the play goes on. Now Bobby, Auster," she quickly forestalled their objections, "don't be silly, and grave, and scold, and put on that grievous, you'll-ruin-it-tilly-your-life's-end look. I assume the entire responsibility, and will be answerable to Judge Laidlaw for everything." She glanced from one to the other with the winning look which few could

resist. "Please," she said, "let me leave my way."

Auster showed symptoms of wavering.

"Suppose we let her, Bob?"

"Yes, and be told after that, of course, she didn't know any better, but that we should have stopped her."

"Oh, you are cross!" moaned Marianne. "And they can't keep him there any longer. He is coming over." She clasped her two hands over his arm and looked up at him. "Robert—please!"

"If I only want to do what is for the best," grumbled Bobby, trying to avoid her gaze. "It's no particular pleasure to me, Marianne, to stand out against you." And as her eyes continued to reproach him, silently, "well, have it your own way, then. It may be all—"

"Go and tell him," commanded Marianne, pushing him forward. "Oh, hurry, hurry! The sleigh is at the door. He will still have time."

And before Bobby well knew what he was about he found himself apologizing to the suspicious stranger in his very best manner for the delay they had caused him.

"That's awfully good of you, you know," said Allison, somewhat stiffly, for he had seen enough of what passed across the room to guess the rest. "But some of you chaps must stay in the room," and as Bobby demurred, half-convicted in spite of himself, "I insist upon that," he repeated.

\* \* \*

"So this is the Laidlaw gallery?"

Henry P. Strickman stood on the threshold, and looked about him. A few feet away two young men were seemingly deeply engrossed in studying an impressionistic splurge of color. In a far corner lounged another group, conversing together in low tones, every now and again sending casual glances in the direction of the newcomer, whose remotely questioning look had come back to his companion's face, as if for an answer. Allison, reading it, felt his blood quicken. Looking for that Tintoretto,

was he? It was up to him to keep him from more than looking, until he was properly interested in something else. And unconsciously his spirits rose with the need to exert himself.

"Splinters were flying above, below,

When Nelson sailed the Sound;  
'Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'

Said he, 'for a thousand pounds!'"

he muttered beneath his breath, and drew the other into the room with no more ado.

And presently he heard himself saying, gibbly, "Yes, embodied simplicity, isn't it?" as he brought the man who had tramped miles of the Louvre to a standstill before one of Helieu's exquisite etchings. "Helieu has always seemed to be," he ran on with nervous rapidity, "to have the delicate art of omission down cold—to know where to leave off. And that is an art, if you like. Reminds me of the artist who said it took two men to paint a good picture—one to wield the brush, and another a club, with which to belabor the painter at that critical point when he had finished, and didn't know it."

"I never cared for Helieu, myself," observed the old man, dispassionately, moving on.

"Hardly archaic enough for your taste, perhaps. Then this dusky specimen of the Siamese school should appeal to you. Or this—this—diluted Botticelli," with an unlucky remembrance of a stray phrase from his recent reading.

His companion turned to stare at him. "How can you say that!" he remonstrated. "Surely, surely, you must perceive this to be a copy of Ghirlandajo's 'Adoration of the Magi,' to my mind vastly superior to anything Botticelli, even at his best—"

Allison laughed mirthlessly, to cover the subdued snicker from the corner. "By Jove! I believe you are right, sir. You know more about the collection than I already, you see."

"That fast's the truth, at any rate," he thought. Aloud, he was responding to Mr. Strickman's remark about the accuracy of Dutch painters. "Just what I felt when I first went to Holland," he declared, meadaciously. "I was really at some pains to determine whether the people walking about were real, or had just stepped out of the frame of a Gerald Dow."

As they proceeded, however, he grew more and more silent, as the small change of his art conversation became exhausted. But a misapprehended remark, a wandering eye speedily recalled him to his responsibility, and made him inwardly curse his thoughtless generosity in respect to the missing picture, even as he cudgelled his brains to produce something which should bear some semblance to sense. He was on the point of delivering himself of the poetic, if hardly applicable, conceit that the colors of the Whistler, before which they chanced to be standing, seemed to sing, as it were, like new-fledged birds in spring, when the connoisseur interrupted his preamble.

"And your Timoretto?" he asked, reverence in his voice. "You have perhaps reserved a place of special honor for him."

Allison hesitated a moment, and in that moment it was borne in upon him that all fabrication of whatever kind soever was futile now. He stood silent, his head thrown back a little, his eyes on the door. Agala came the tread of many feet on the stairs, the clatter of many voices, and one voice which laughed continuously.

"That's right. Laugh. Do. Don't mind me, I beg of you. I suppose it strikes you as being funny?"

"A—a little," choked the other. "Don't look so affronted, Holt. The idea of you, phillistine that you are, rising so Art-fully to the occasion is—" Again laughter got the better of him.

Mr. Strickman had been looking searchingly from the stranger to Allison and back again. Now he just a

question. "Am I to infer that you are—?"

"Arthur Laidlaw," finished the stranger, with a bow.

"Then this young man must be—?"

"Allison Holt, my partner." And the story of how he came to be mixed up in the adventure got itself told, somehow. Mr. Strickman's face did not relax once during the recital.

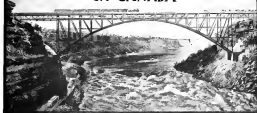
"Um. Exactly. Well, I must not miss my train." He got into his overcoat, shook hands with young Laidlaw, bowed to the company at large, then looked squarely at Allison, who made no move. Suddenly his thin lips parted in a slow smile. "I have not seen my Timoretto," he remarked, dryly, "but it was not your fault, young man—not your fault." The smile broadened. "You know a thing or two—enough to take me in at all events—but you have much to learn about pictures. If you will call round at my place after the holidays I will endeavor to show you the difference between a Botticelli and a Ghirlandajo. And—well, we will see. Now take me to my train."

When Allison returned he found his friend pacing the verandah, waiting for him. "You've got him," he called, as the sleigh drew up. "He's yours for ever. How did I know? Well, he doesn't ask everyone to see his pictures, for one thing. Oh, you've got him fast enough, but what I'd like to be told is how?"

"Search me!" laughed Allison, running up the steps. "Seemed as pleased as anything. Kept rubbing his hands all the way to the station—rum start, eh? Thought I'd slipped up for sure, when I heard your he-haw. How'd you come, anyway?"

Laidlaw began to laugh. "That ass Robby! He phoned—wild things. We'll have some fun rubbing it in. Which reminds me. My aunt, who is running this house party, told me to bring you right in, and," he added, mischievously, "I believe Miss Mari- anne De Witt wants, particularly, to meet you."

## THE CRUSADE of U.S. RAILROAD INTERESTS IN CANADA



Lined track, single arch double track, and single track, spanning Niagara Gorge and across which pass cross international trade.

By

JOHN M. COPELAND

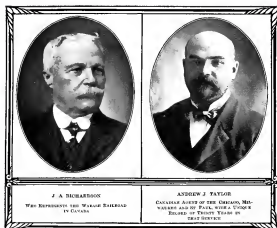
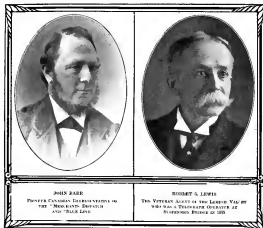
JOHN BULL'S eldest daughter, Canada—recently ennobled as his fairest by the Honorable William H. Taft—is no laggard in recognizing opportunity as it ebbs and flows in the great, scientific game of trade. Like her wideawake neighbor to the south, she inherits from commercial and speculative England the battering instinct and is willing enough to emulate, in a modified way, cousin Columbia's obeisances to the goddess of commerce. The goddess, aforesaid, has been an active dame and most aggressive throughout North America during the past half century. To further her aims, enthusiastic disciples have achieved such marvelous feats, especially in railroad construction and transportation methods, during the period mentioned that comparisons, invidious or otherwise, are well nigh compulsory.

The prairie schooner has made a sneaky exit from the drama of locomotion into museums, and the tor-

tuous, blazed trails of the gold seekers of '49, minus kinks and bumps, are now the routes of many lines with trackage contributing to an aggregate of 224,000 miles of railway, which 169 roads have under operation to-day in the United States alone. (In 1860 the Union possessed only 30,626 miles of steel.)

Fifty years ago the fruits of opportunity in the middle and golden west appeared to the denizens east of the Missouri to ripen and require plucking all at once, and the termination of the Civil War signalled the inauguration of extravagant railroad ventures. Responding to the goods of progress, the railroads extended, paralleled and criss-crossed each other in a dignified scramble for a slice of the melon of prosperity. The slogan was and has ever been, "More Passengers," "Increased Tonnage" import, export, interline and local business all made grist for the mills.

About the time mercantile houses



were becoming inoculated with the "commercial traveler" idea, a small squad of traveling railroad representatives, in open formation, were training observing optics on prospective traffic. In this, the eastern group of railroads were slightly in advance of their newer, western connections.

As far back as 1808 New England and N.Y. State railways—the nuclei of gigantic present-day systems—grew interested in international trade and thrust their tentacles across that imaginary line of demarcation bisecting the Great Lakes into Ontario and Quebec. E. L. Slaughter entered Canada forty years ago as representative of the Erie, and is said to have been the first foreign line traveling agent to invade British domains on such a mission. John Serachan, genial and popular, followed him and for many years graced the position. Those were the days of the "Merchant's Dispatch,"

the days when John Barr, in the early eighties, trod the boards boosting the "Blue Line." Then distinctive terms were applied to the two earliest systematized methods, operative within a railway organization, for tracing perishable or timed freight and transporting it via most direct routes, in cars of a uniform dimension, color, etc. Subsequently, "Great Eastern" and "National Dispatch" sprang into existence. Hot on their heels came the "Hoosac Tunnel Route" and "West Shore" bidding for favorable consideration. These factors, afterwards units of the "N.Y.C." freight interests, were not merged until many years later.

At that period there was more talk in Canada of reciprocity with the United States than there may be again. Uncle Samuel's politicians were wont to shun the subject, but the interchange of railway traffic grew apace.

Emboldened by their competitors' success, the Lackawanna road sent an emissary into Ontario and they "have stuck." 1884 saw the Lehigh Valley freight department follow in the wake of their passenger representatives and more recently came the Pennsylvania System.

A large percentage of the public have enjoyed, or, at least, know, of the splendid passenger equipment and service some of these railways, in conjunction with Canadian trunk lines, offer to-day between Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and the Atlantic seaboard. The demands of the age and growth of travel account for "the milk in the cocoanut." The average number of passenger trains crossing the line via Rouse's Point, N.Y., is 134 per month, and in that time they transport 9,627 passengers southward. At Newport, Vt., 160 trains entering the United States, yield a monthly patronage of 6,897 people.

Niagara Falls, N.Y., is the magnet which attracts or ushers into the State of New York 20,000 souls a month, and 700 trains of all railroads are pressed into service to cater to the modern craze to be "on the go." These authentic figures do not include pedestrian traffic.

Compare the tonnage of forty years ago, and the leisurely dispatch it was given, with the daily carloads containing a multifarious assortment of perishable commodities and staples which now make regular, scheduled runs of 24, 36 and 48 hours between United States points of origin or the docks at Portland, Boston and New York and distributing centres in Canada. Twelve to fifteen hundred tons of import merchandise for Ontario destinations per month, apportioned to each of the half-dozen competitive eastern "U.S." lines, is a conservative estimate of what is handled. They bring in hardware, silver novelties,





THE LOCOMOTIVE "JOHN BULL" WAS IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND IN 1825.

locks and clocks from Connecticut; tools, machinery and electrical supplies from Massachusetts and New York; cement and coal from Pennsylvania; early talie delicacies from Maryland, and from ocean vessels, English fabrics, weaves from Scotch and Irish looms, German toys, Parisian frocks and bonnets, as well as tons of express matter and the theatrical accessories which accompany the mimics, thespians and slap-stick artists. One of these eastern lines, with a strong weakness for fruit shipments, transports to the international borders during the season, 125 carloads a month of incoming Cuban pineapples, Costa Rica bananas and Mediterranean lemons. The local and through eastbound tonnage secured by interested railways receives equal dispatch, exceeds that average and includes large quantities of apples, cheese, eggs, flour, implements, lumber, meats and poultry, which probably approximate a combined monthly output of 1,200 carloads. It may be news to some of the uninitiated to hear that 1,500 carloads of Ontario-grown turnips are shipped annually, in the autumn, for consumption in the United States. It is not surprising, therefore, that the big

American carriers hasten to augment their revenues by coaxing and nursing this growing trade.

In 1875 the complacent east languidly condescended to heed insistent whispers concerning Canada's vast northwest. The tide of travel was diverging and began to carry with it in that direction prospectors, homesteaders and adventurous merchants bent on spying out locations in the prairie El Dorado. Dependent, of course, they leaved on the mills of the east for food, clothing and implements. About this time Sir Hugh Childers, London, England, occupied the president's chair, directing the destinies of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the contemporary Canadian Pacific Railway official was (Sir) William Van Horne. Lucius Tuttle, president of Boston & Maine System; D. McNicoll, vice-president, and C. E. E. Usher, assistant passenger traffic manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, all now in the first flight and noteworthy examples of what determination and capacity accomplish, were going through a "course of sprouts" with Ontario lines, which afterwards lost identity. Robert Kerr, to-day passenger traffic manager C. P. R., was G. F. & P. A. of the North-

ern Railway, with office in Toronto, and men like W. E. Davis, Gen. B. Reeve and John W. Loud, then in modest positions, were fitting themselves for the exalted places they afterwards honorably filled in shaping the policy of the Grand Trunk Railway System. The majority of these and other officials had frequent business intercourse with various United States railroad agents who visited Canada.

In the year 1877 A. H. Burnham made his initial bow in Ontario, representing Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. This move was significant, indicating the expectations of western roads, based on the interest Manitoba's commercial future had awakened. In July, 1878, the late James M. Taylor, prior to that time general freight agent and superintendent St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway, had the distinction of establishing at Toronto the first permanent western line office in Canada. He was appointed general Canadian agent of the St. Paul road. Unlike any competitor, that railway company has maintained an agency in Ontario without interruption for three decades. The Chicago & Northwestern Railway soon followed with a representative to further the interests of that line, and later, in 1880, it opened a Canadian office. The Rock Island Road quickly swung into line, and the Burlington, Northern Pacific and such watchful competitors as Great Northern, Great Western, Union Pacific, and Illinois Central, likewise took the cue.

Richard Arnold was at this time ticket agent of G.T.R., Toronto, and two of his daughters, became the wives, respectively, of William Wain-

wright, still in harness as fourth vice-president of the Grand Trunk Railway, and James Stephenson, now retired and residing in England, two prominent figures of the old regime.

The "All Rail" mediums then available for transporting man and beast destined to California, the Dakotas and Manitoba from Old Ontario, were Grand Trunk, Great Western, Credit

AN OLD-TIME POSTER  
QUESTIONS THE OLD-TIME POSTER ILLUSTRATED

Valley and Canada Southern, covering the distance as far as St. Thomas and Detroit, thence via Michigan Central and Wabash Railroads to Chicago.

As travel increased from a dozen or two people to an occasional weekly carload and more, the number of migratory railroaders multiplied. Old-timers will recollect some of those big-bearded husslers who made it their

duty to assist such customs formalities at the frontier, and also assuage the fears of attending passengers trembling at the prospect of meeting in Chicago that much-heralded and maligned bugaboo, the banco steerer.

It is worthy of remark that while to-day the railroad companies caution and forbid passengers riding on the platforms, 35 years ago the travelling public swarmed on that perilous projection, and on the steps, and quite often took possession of the car roofs

with a nonchalance that would make the cold chills run up and down your spine. How many of the boys and lasses in this year of grace would have the temerity to rally forth, for instance to the London Fair, decorating the top of a flat car rigged up with benches for the occasion? Yet their fathers and mothers did it.

The patronage of the farmer and his heavy sons, who had visions of gang plows and waving wheat was an important desideratum in that era. Party leaders were "some pumpkins" and they puffed and spat over many a fragrant cheroot while sipping their "ponies" and "bootlegs" in company of expectant agents. Presently the good blood of Ontario, and some bad stuff, was rolling westward at the rate of two and three regularly-arranged-for trains of nine to thirteen loaded cars each week. The personal effects and stock of the settler went along, too, the owner ensconced occasionally in a tourist sleeper jolting along at the end of the string, and

eager railway companies took turns in hauling the prize. Excitement ran high. The wires were kept hot about special or inadequate equipment, conflicting rates and alleged unconstitutional moves of opposing forces.

It was no uncommon occurrence to convene a meeting in hotel parlor or little red schoolhouse and there agents present would, in turn, give the agriculturist samples of terseness or spell-binding eloquence. Imagine the persuasiveness this was pitted against the

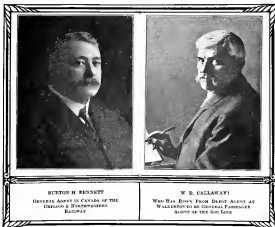
farmer's cautiousness or distrust. Recall, ye of good memory, if you can, the epigrams, arguments and bon mots which rolled off the ready tongues of a dozen or more jovial pilgrims from o'er the border. They talked corn until their tones grew husky and they were as fine a coterie of unconventional free-lances as ever probed the intricacies of a railroad time-table. To this day the boys tell of the adaptability of Harry Badgeley, of the C.G.W.R.,

how he studied pigology, hobnobbing for three days with a colony of ruralists whom he lured high and dry by this artful manoeuvre, in spite of keen competition. On "special party" dates passengers were concentrated at junctional points and afterwards personally conducted to Detroit, Chicago or St. Paul. B. Travers, city agent at Paris still, has informed me that parties of 75 and 200 people were occasionally gathered there and such a pretentious exodus was known to earn a serenade by



C. E. MCPHERSON

WHO REPRESENTED THE ROCK ISLAND ROAD TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO AND IS NOW A C.T.R. OFFICIAL AT WINNIPEG



BURTON H. BENNETT  
GENERAL AGENT IN CANADA OF THE  
CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN  
RAILWAY

W. B. CALLAWAY!  
WHO HAS RIDDEN FROM DEPUTY AGENT AT  
WALLINGTON TO BE GENERAL PASSENGER  
AGENT OF THE G.O. LINE

the local brass band at time of departure. The sturdy knights of ploughshare and other instruments of peace, had to be and were better mixers than the stall-fed variety of traveler of this day, and the consciousness that theirs was a common object made easy the upsetting of social barriers to the music of violin, mouth-organ and Jew's harp. The journey always ensured incident and good-fellowship, and, perhaps, some disappointing experiences. The records, considerably offered me for perusal, do not include the name of the escorting agent, who, while wrapped in the arms of Morpheus in a Chicago hotel, suffered the loss of his train's entire proceeds by the deft removal of a panel in the door on which his coat was hanging.

Three different gauges, or widths, between rails, were accepted as standard in different parts of Canada and

the United States at that time, and to permit interchange of equipment, three rails were sometimes laid. Just before the adoption of the standard broad gauge, 4 feet 8½ inches, became general in America, a good-sized party bound for the west were delayed at Toronto half a day awaiting the readjustment of that portion of the Great Western to Hamilton, Ont. In the forenoon the third rail over the entire distance, 39 odd miles, was removed and the second spiked down in its new position. This must have been quite a feat 25 years ago in the absence of those simplifying methods practised to-day.

Moving westward over designated routes from Chicago, the canary-colored coaches were pulled by locomotives with yellow-bellied boilers, wheels painted scarlet, and ponderous smoke-stacks—hummers in the old days—but antiques in 1909.

What a shock it would be to my lady's complacency if, on her journey now, she should find it necessary to raise a sunshade in the coach to protect her raiment from the rain and snow sifting through the chinks and rifts in the car. This age is not without some blessings.

The St. P., M. & M., later converted by astute minds into the Great Northern Railway, was the railroad which gave that big quartette, Messrs. Angus, Smith, Hill and Stephens, a gift-edged monopoly of Manitoba



THE LATE JOSEPH SIMPSON  
A VETERAN CARPENTER OF THE OLD DAYS  
FOR THE CANADIAN, BURLINGTON AND  
QUINCY RAILWAYS

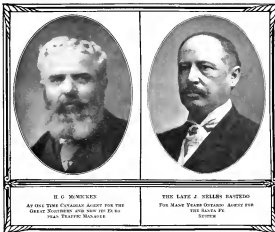
emigration, and, incidentally, the patronage of Dame Fortune. Men and chaffers had only shank's mare as an alternative to this line northward from St. Paul as far as Fisher's Landing, a Red River port. Here, transfer was made to the Kittson Line of steamboats plying to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and owned by Norman Kittson, a colleague of J. J. Hill in some early business ventures. In winter the trip was made by stage travelling part way over thick ice. Mr. Kittson was one of several successors to Amson

Northrup, the pioneer navigator of the Upper Mississippi River, who launched his first craft there in 1835.

James M. Taylor, in charge of affairs for C.M. & St.P.R., during those strenuous days, pulled off the biggest coupe of the period I attempt to sketch, in securing for his line a party which originated at Millbrook, Ont., and is said to have consisted of or influenced 400 people, together with 35 carloads of effects. Mr. A. Leach, who was ticket agent there then, capably fills that position to-day.

The idea which the "President's Agreement" made concrete in February, 1900, was ridiculed twenty years before, and the system of commissions to agents for ticket sales being in vogue, competition waxed lively. For obvious reasons the standards of remuneration did not always remain stationary; fancy prices and fat drafts swelled many a bank balance. Although few dismissals and re-engagements by telegraph were bulletined, the foreign railway man's berth never was considered as sure as taxes.

There are quite a number of agents, active in transportation matters at the present time, who took part in and recall the friendly but whirlwind competition American lines indulged in to obtain the lion's share of business moving beyond the border. They could tell you of long drives in good and indifferent weather into the surrounding country, seeking prospective passengers and good locations for the half and quarter-sheet style of advertising so much used then; of hard and fast arrangements upset in a trice, accompanied by restitution of deposits given to clinch the deal and of mysterious cheques which used to spring from nowhere in particular when the management forbade their acceptance. They smile when recounting methods used to test if agents were sticking to tariff. I remember the case of one "stool pigeon" who, after obtaining the favor of a ticket at a rate partially unconfirmed, sold it with intent to a rival organization to be utilized in trapping the enemy. He



H. G. MONCKIES  
AT ONE TIME CANADIAN AGENT FOR THE  
GREAT SOUTHERN AND NOW THE CHIEF  
TRAIN TRAFFIC MANAGER

THE LATE J. NELLIES BASTEDO  
FOR MANY YEARS ONTARIO AGENT FOR  
THE SANTA FE  
SYSTEM

made a required affidavit as to purchase price and the subterfuge, with its charge of irregularity hanging thereon, had not been operative an hour before the resourceful agent who sold him the ticket, effectively turned the tables, causing the spotter's arrest on the grounds "false pretences" and that worthy received his liberty under suspended sentence, together with a reprimand.

In 1881 rumors of consolidation of existing railway systems in Ontario were bruited about by those "in the know," and the steady, westward extension of the C.P.R. sowed uneasiness where the interests via Chicago-St. Paul Route were cherished. August 12th and 12th, 1882, witnessed the amalgamation of Great Western and Grand Trunk. William Edgar then was G.P.A., at Hamilton, and Geo. T. Bell, present assistant passenger traffic manager, Grand Trunk

Railway System, made stenographic hooks and crooks for him.

November 2nd, 1885, marked an epoch in the annals of the Prairie Provinces. Although previously used for transportation of troops, on that date, Canadian Pacific Railway equipment first rolled into Winnipeg under a schedule. The event was fraught with much import to Manitoba, and formed an item of significance in the history of the Dominion. The national character of Van Horn's project and the prestige of the sponsors of this great pioneer, western Canadian line attracted to it the major portion of freight traffic which had been moving via other channels, and by demanding the privilege of preferential passenger rates, based on newness, geographical position and inaccessibility, the patronage of the homeseeker was diverted, practically en masse, from United States lines, which had



THE LATE JOHN STRACHAN,  
FOR MANY YEARS CANADIAN AGENT  
OF THE GREAT NORTHERN

enjoyed the pickings unmolested for eight years. This reversal of conditions left not even all the Dakota business to the latter, and with a single exception, the Chicago-St. Paul and allied systems, one by one, abolished Canadian agencies and withdrew their representatives from active participation in the chase.

Their absence, however, did not impair the business relations then budding between U. S. merchants and Canadian importers, and the railroads of the neighboring republic realized that it behooved them to look jealousy after their individual share of lumber, broom corn and cotton goods from the southwest; seeds, citrus and deciduous fruits from California; tinned salmon and shingles from the North Pacific coast, and consignments of matting, silks, bamboo, rice, etc., disembarked along Puget Sound.

The man in the street might puzzle over the price of his breakfast orange if he reflected that some days twenty carloads of this marmalade fruit now and then glits the local markets at Montreal and Toronto.

A certain percentage of such incoming cars, after unloading, are returned laden with hides, clay, cordage, fish, lumber and sand; pedigreed sheep for Idaho and Oregon ranchmen; hair for San Francisco plasterers; guns, glass, nuts, salt and tinplate from Atlantic coast wharves; also with ton upon ton of coveted Canadian woodpulp, which re-appears as the basis for newspaper headlines.

Twenty-two foreign railroads, nine operating in the east and central States, and thirteen western companies, each maintain one to six passenger and commercial offices in this country. Affairs pertaining thereto are supervised by Canadian agents, division, general and traveling agents, contracting representatives, solicitors, city canvassers and counter clerks. The combined staff numbers 100 men. With few exceptions, they are natives of the soil, familiar with local conditions and are liberal dispensers of a good deal of salary, rentals and incidental expense moneys. In rounding up traffic the tactics which obtain include direct solicitation with shipper, consignee and traveler; the assiduous cultivation of the man who pays the freight or buys the tickets, and canvass of stationary railway agents, whose judgments often dic-



GEO. B. WYLLIE

REPRODUCED FROM THE ILLINOIS OFFICIAL OF CANADA

tates via what junctions and lines un-routed shipments, and passengers without pre-arranged itinerary, should be routed. Prompt dispatch and trains "on time" are cardinal requisites in luring trade and holding a continuance of favor. The personality and perseverance of the foreign road agent has an important bearing on results. Changeable climatic conditions divert certain commodities and influence the warm zone hunter from one channel to another. Warehouse and track facilities play a part in the scheme of convenience, and that indefinite quantity sentiment, bolers calculations, though shifty as smoke. Unsettled claims occasionally rile the temper and switch a lot of business to the lynx-eyed competitor who watches while he works. Friendly, but contending factions, lock horns for the haul of a single carload. San Francisco and Vancouver agents, acting in concert with their confreres at Winnipeg, Halifax or Hamilton, keep the wires hot. Perhaps, some of the "big wigs" put a finger in the pie, and to score a point, resort to every permissible ruse save, let us hope, that dishonorable weapon, the bogus telegram.

Necessity has slowly convinced numerous hesitating shippers and travelers that the canvass of those United States railroads, looking to Canada for business, has more behind it than a cloven hoof; that sometimes an extra string to one's bow is a really effective precautionary measure.

The pack animal, oxen and primitive implements of the pioneer who pierced the wilderness and first scratched the surface of the last west, have steadily given place to the steel-ribbed highway, and thus, on "easy street," when compared with his progenitor, the modern colonizer is link-

ing the old with the new and accomplishing, by successive stages, the development of our pregnant western heritage.

Trade relations between United States and Canadian railroad systems



constantly grow more intimate and wield an unmistakable influence in the strengthening of those bonds, commercial and sentimental, which make for the good of all concerned. This interchange broadens our knowledge of each other and tends more completely to harmonize the aims and aspirations of the two nations.

To the attentive eye each moment of the year has its own beauty; and on the same field it beholds every hour a picture that was never more before and shall never be seen again.—*Emerson*.

# Father Christmas's Understudy

By  
J. J. BELL

THE valet, having ushered Mr. John Burton into his master's bedroom, retired, closing the door noiselessly. Mr. John Burton, his usually hard features softened somewhat with real concern, approached the bed.

"George, my boy, this is ill luck! Your message upset me, I can tell you, when it caught me at the club. How did it happen?"

The bald-headed, clean-shaven, plump-faced man on the bed smiled ruefully.

"Banana," he replied.

"Banana!" Mr. Burton seated himself, muttering a bad word. "I see," he said aloud. "I've always said that the police ought to have greater powers. The person who drops banana or other peel on the pavement ought to be taken by the neck and made to eat it. Damme, that's my opinion! Suffering pain?" he inquired more gently.

"Not so much now. But I'm fixed here for six weeks or so. It's confoundingly awkward, especially on Christmas Eve." Mr. George Berry sighed.

"No more awkward than on midsummer eve," the other remarked shortly, and muttered another bad word. "However, there's no good in adding worry to bodily discomfort. If there's anything I can do for you, command me."

After a short pause, "There is something you can do for me, John,"

said the invalid. "I sent for you for that reason."

"Name it?"

Mr. Berry hesitated, glancing furtively at the face of his oldest and best friend.

"Name it" repeated Mr. Burton somewhat grandly. He twisted his grey moustache, and looked straightly at his oldest and best friend.

"Well," said Mr. Berry, as though he had made up his mind, "I'll name it." He cleared his throat. "You, John, are of course aware that for some years past I have spent Christmas Eve at my married sister's house in Brandon Gardens—"

"I am. I am also aware that for some years past I have spent Christmas Eve at my club. Proceed!"

"You would have been welcome at my sister's."

"Thanks."

Mr. Berry smiled. He knew his friend. He continued:

"You are not, however, aware in what capacity I have spent so many Christmas Eves at my sister's. As a matter of fact, no one is aware of that excepting my sister, her husband, and myself. So far the children, and even the grown-ups present, have never suspected my identity. You will think it absurd of me, John, but the fact is that I have always masqueraded as—ahem!—Father Christmas."

"Great Caesar's ghost!"

"At any rate," said Mr. Berry, a

trifle apologetically, "the children liked it."

"You liked it yourself," the other drily observed.

"Possibly I did, John, possibly I did. I confess I am sorry I cannot be there to-night. I fear it may be a disappointment to the children."

"A pity—but it can't be helped. As I have already said, the police ought to be empowered to—"

"Yes, yes. But, John I wish you to do me a favor."

"I'm waiting for you to name it."

"Can't you guess what I want?"

"Ah, I see! You wish me to go now and explain the situation to your sister. Certainly, my dear boy, certainly—with all the pleasure in life."

Mr. Berry suppressed a groan.

"Thank you, John. But—er—that is not exactly what I desire of you."

"Give it a name, then, give it a name," said Mr. Burton with kindly impatience.

"Well, the favor is simply this. I want you to take my place to-night—to go to my sister's as—ahem!—Father Christmas." With these words the victim of a plebeian, if passionate, lover of bananas turned his countenance to the wall—at the risk of straining his injured limb. He could not have faced his oldest and best friend just then.

His oldest and best friend opened his mouth, gasped, closed his mouth, opened it again, and in a voice of infinite dismay ejaculated:

"Jumping Jehoshaphat! You're joking, George."

"And you're alliterating," returned Mr. Berry, with a feeble snigger, drawing the bedclothes over the back of his neck. "B—but I'm really quite serious," he went on. "I know I'm asking a device of a lot of you, old chap—"

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Burton dully. "I suppose you're bound to be a bit feverish. Perhaps I'd better clear out."

"No, no! Don't go, John!" Mr. Berry, with a painful grunt, faced his friend once more. "Er—don't desert me! You see, I hate to break my engagement. And—and it's awful to disappoint all those children. Er— isn't it, John?"

John sat silent, frowning and twisting his moustache.

"I suppose it was far too much to ask of you," sighed George. "But it seemed a simple enough matter when I first thought of it. As I said to myself, all my dear old friend John Burton has got to do is to get into the costume here—my man will do the painting—"

"Painting?"

"A little paint is required, and a little powder—not much, only a little. Then all he has got to do is to take a cab to 14 Brandon Gardens, arriving there at nine o'clock sharp. He has only to knock loudly, thrice, on the door, when he will be admitted, for everybody will be expecting—ahem—Father Christmas at that hour; and then he has got nothing more to do but enter and make himself generally agreeable, and—er—distribute the gifts."

"What gifts?"

"The gifts in his sack. Each gift has a name on it, you know, and a piece of poetry; you didn't know I was a poet—eh, what?" Mr. Berry gave a dismal cackle. "And of course, as—ahem—Father Christmas reads out each name and each poem, the—er—the recipient comes forward. And if—if it's a girl, you kiss her—only her brow, you know; and if it's a boy, you shake hands or pat his head—depends on his size. And then—why, then, that's really all! Nothing in it to worry about—eh?"

"Oh, that's all, is it?" cried Mr. Burton. "My good friend, do you mean to tell me that you have been doing this annually for years?"

"For quite a number of years. There's nothing so very awful about it, is there?"

"How old are the girls?" Mr. Burton demanded abruptly.

"Oh, from ten to sixteen. I should imagine. I never thought of their ages. They're all young, anyway. Of course, I've always included my own sister and—er—my sisters-in-law and other grown-ups present in my—er—list of gifts."

"Your sisters-in-law! You kiss 'em?"

"Ow the brow, John; on the brow. There's only Miss France, and Edith, and poor Mrs. Fairtre, and—"

"Mrs. Fairtre!" Mr. Burton's voice fell to a whisper.

Mr. Berry silently cursed himself. He ought to have remembered the tragedy of his friend's youth—the girl who had jilted—well, not exactly jilted—his friend for Fairtre who, with all his wealth, had made her life miserable for ten years. He called her "poor Mrs. Fairtre," but "fortunate" would have been more appropriate, for she was now a widow.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Berry with an effort, "the older members won't be there to-night. In fact, it's very likely that they won't." He roused himself. "Well, I'm an inhospitable beggar, John! Ring the bell, will you?"

"Want anything?"

"I daren't. But you—"

"No thanks." The visitor relapsed into gloomy silence.

The invalid began to speak of the news of the day, but presently his conversation failed also. There was a long, uncomfortable pause.

"I should imagine," said Mr. Burton at last, "that you look a prize idiot in your masquerading outfit."

"Possibly," the invalid returned shortly. "But sometimes it is worth one's while to look a prize idiot, as you put it."

"Oh, I suppose it doesn't matter how you look, so long as you don't feel. By the way, what's the costume like?"

Mr. Burton made the inquiry with such indifference that his friend glanced at him keenly.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't inspect the costume," said Mr. Berry, with equal indifference. "Ring the bell, will you?"

"Nonsense! I'm not interested," returned Mr. Burton, rising and ringing the bell.

"Dakers," said Mr. Berry, when his man appeared, "show Mr. Burton my—ahem!—Father Christmas costume. You had it laid out in the dressing-room, I think."

"Yes, sir." Dakers withdrew, and presently reappeared with the costume—or rather its component parts.

"Suffering Moses!" murmured Mr. Burton, as the garments were displayed—a voluminous scarlet cloak, edged with white fur, a cap to match, ornamented with holly and mistletoe; a pair of high boots showing their sheepskin linings; and among other things a white and patriarchal beard.

"And this contains the gifts, sir," Dakers remarked, exhibiting a large sack.

"Do you give away pianos as well as sideboards?" inquired Mr. Burton of the invalid, who smiled and explained that the recipients numbered upwards of fifty.

"Oh, Shakespeare!" muttered Mr. Burton, adding: "These things are far too big for me. Besides—"

"What's that you say, John?" the invalid exclaimed. "You don't mean—"

Mr. Burton reddened. "I never go back on my word," he said sulkily. "I as good as promised, didn't I?"

"Dakers," cried Mr. Berry, "Mr. Burton dines here—and afterwards you will dress him. You may go."

"Very good, sir."

The door opened and closed. Mr. Burton dropped upon a chair.

"John, my dear old friend," began

Mr. Berry warmly, "I can never thank you for—"

"Shut up!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fourteen Brandon Gardens."

Mr. Burton gave the address as distinctly as a mouthful of beard permitted, and with as much dignity as he could muster in the face of the cabby's broad grin. Dakers had already placed the sack of gifts in the cab, and now, with a discreet smile, assisted the entrance of his master's friend, who fairly rumbled with bad words.

"Dakers, are you positive that these—boots will stick on?"

"Positive, sir—if you take a little care, sir."

"And this—beard, Dakers? Is it straight?"

"Perfectly, sir. I saw that it was securely fixed. As for your eyebrows, sir—"

"Oh—my eyebrows! Tell him to drive on."

The cabby drove on. To Mr. Burton it seemed no time until the cab stopped and interrupted his mental list of tortures suitable for persons who dropped banana skins on pavements.

"Is this the house, driver?"

"Yes, sir. Pity the rain's come on. Rather dark, too, sir. But you can see the 'ouse through the tree."

"Hang the house—the trees—the rain!" muttered Mr. Burton, getting out with the sack and handing the cabby a piece of silver. "Come back at ten sharp."

"Right! and thankee, sir." The man repressed a guffaw as his fare, hugging the sack, entered the gate opening upon a short but gloomy avenue. A church clock boomed the hour of nine.

"Hang the time!" sighed Mr. Burton.

The gravel was unusually abundant and deep, and he went forward with a sort of waddling gait. Pres-

ently he realised that the house he approached was in darkness.

"Some silly game, I suppose. They'll turn on the lights when I arrive, and make me look a greater fool than ever. Where the deuce is the bell? No! Confound it! I was to knock loudly three times. Idiotic performance!"

He knocked thrice, and hurriedly rehearsed the words he had been instructed to say as soon as the door was flung wide. The words were something like these:

"I am Father Christmas, who craves a welcome this Merry Christmas Eve."

Through the glazed panels of the door he perceived a light slowly approaching. It was rather a feeble light.

"Looks as if their gas had been cut off," he thought cynically.

A sound of bolts and chains reached his ears, and at last the door was cautiously opened—about six inches.

"I am Father—"

A female face, very wizened and encircled with red flannel, peened through the aperture. A screech of terror rent the air, and the door was slammed.

For a moment or two Mr. Burton remained stunned. Then the furious barking of a dog roused him. He could not run, but he moved as rapidly as his boots would allow, and, uttering speeches with wrath, reached the gate, on one of the pillars of which he discovered, in faded figures, the number "40."

While he wondered which way to go a couple of message-boys came along. On sighting him they started and were silent, then burst into vulgar laughter.

"Ere's a bloomin' Christmas Card a-goin' to post itself!" cried one.

"Goin' to a fancy ball, guv'nor?" inquired the other, more respectfully, scenting business. "Shall I get yer a keb?"

Mr. Burton's desire for murder evaporated.

"How far is No. 14 from here?" he demanded, resisting the temptation to have a cab and—go home in it.

"Two minutes," said the second boy, disappointedly.

"Show me the way, and I'll give you a shilling apiece."

"What's all this?" inquired a policeman, coming softly upon the group. He laid his hand none too lightly on Mr. Burton's sleeve. "I saw you coming out of No. 40. I suppose it's all right, but the family's away, and I've got my orders. What have you got 'ere?"

"Where?"

"In this 'ere sack, my man."

"Look here!" cried Mr. Burton, boiling over. "What the deuce do you mean?"

"Language won't help you," the policeman coldly remarked. "Let's have a look."

"Great Caesar's ghost! People who drop banana peel on the pavement ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered—"

"Criskee! 'e's dotty!" whispered one of the boys.

"D'you take me for a burglar?" demanded Mr. Burton. "Take the blessed sack! Examine it! Eat it, if you like, confound you! I'm on my way to a children's party at No. 14, but the driver left me here by mistake. Anything suspicious in the sack?"

The policeman was young and earnest. Apologies, especially before two message-boys, did not come easily, but he did his best, adding that he had only done his duty. Burglaries were getting too common.

"I'll carry the stuff to No. 14 for you, sir." He nearly called it "the swag." "It's a bit heavy."

"It's the least you can do," retorted Mr. Burton, "and you needn't expect anything from me."

"Sir!" said the policeman. "Now, boys, you had better get out of this," he supplemented sternly.

The boys protested. They had been engaged to conduct the gent to No. 14. Whereupon the gent grunted and parted with two shillings.

"Merry Christmas, sir. Merry Christmas! Many 'appy returns!" "Fah!"

The rain had ceased, but Mr. Burton's boots adhered to the mud at every step. Relieved of his burden, however, he got along somehow, and, fortunately, encountered no pedestrians.

At a brilliantly-lighted mansion, whence came sounds of dance music, he parted with the policeman, giving half-a-crown, and requesting him to look out for a cab at No. 40, at ten o'clock, and send the same on to No. 14. "And I say," he added, "if ever you can do anything to hurt persons who drop banana peel on the pavement, do it, and may heaven reward you!"

"Merry Christmas, sir?" said the policeman, after scratching his head.

"Fudge!" said Mr. Burton lifting the knocker.

The music ceased; there was a rush of many feet. The door was flung wide—really wide—and blinking in the glare, his sack held gingerly over his shoulder, he managed to mumble the prescribed sentence. Then kind hands drew him into the light and warmth and cheerfulness.

And all at once something within him seemed to melt. He couldn't help smiling, though he felt desperately shy before that trop of dainty girls and grinning boys. But he looked at them, avoiding the seven or eight grown-ups. When they had all cheered him, his host and hostess, who had been advised by express letter of his identity, explained that Father Christmas, having come further than usual that evening, required a little rest and refreshment, and led him away to a quiet room,

where he got rid of mud and rain-drops, and received the not unwelcome stimulus of a glass of champagne.

"It was exceedingly good of you to take my brother's place on such short notice, Mr. Burton," said his hostess very pleasantly. "The children's evening would have been completely spoilt without a Father Christmas. And from what George has told us of you, I understand you do not care for parties of any kind."

"I have had no experience—for a number of years," he replied, glancing at himself in a mirror and wondering whether anyone who had once known him well could possibly recognize him now. "I fear," he went on, with a nervous laugh, "I fear I shall not make a very successful understudy. Your brother could not, indeed, have chosen a worse. But I felt for your brother in his misfortune. As for the wretched persons who drop banana peel on the pavement—"

"Is Father Christmas coming soon, mother?" The door was opened and a pretty little girl looked in. "Very soon, dear, very soon."

Mr. Burton pulled himself together. Better get it over quickly, he told himself, and to his hostess he said:

"I am ready, madam," in the tone of one for whom the executioner waits.

"Make way for Father Christmas!" the host shouted from the drawing-room doorway, and the grown-ups and older children cleared a passage to a low dais in the window.

Thither Mr. Burton proceeded, bowed beneath his pack of presents, his boots rubbing up and down his heels, his beard getting into his mouth.

According to the Berry tradition, he ought to have made a little speech on taking up his position on the dais, but the host relieved him of that

item of his troubles by making a few humorous introductory remarks and then calling upon Father Christmas to "shell out." And Father Christmas, his eyes on the children only, smiled almost blandly, smoothed his beard away from his lips, and bringing from his sack a white packet, read the name thereon in a somewhat unsteady voice. Fortunately the policeman's inspection had not seriously disarranged the sack's contents, and the gifts came forth pretty much in the order intended by the thoughtful Mr. Berry—girls first, and youth before wisdom.

So, in answer to her name, a sweet little maiden, extremely bashful, approached the dais. Whereupon Mr. Burton stumbled through the doggerel couplet attached to the packet—one of the many "poems" that had cost Mr. Berry several nights' sleep. The little girl's name, in this case, was Amy Lee, and the "poem" hoped that she might "happy be."

Amy took her gift, said "Thank you" in a small voice, and—waited. Everyone in the room seemed to be waiting also. There was a solemn silence. But at last, happily, Mr. Burton remembered.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" he said to himself, and stooped and kissed little Amy's forehead.

Whereupon everyone clapped hands, and little Amy retired, emitting a sneeze induced by the tickle beard.

As the girls got bigger, Mr. Burton got shyer, but he did his duty by them all. It so happened, however, that rather a big boy was the first of his sex to be called and Mr. Burton absent-mindedly saluted him on the brow, at which everyone shouted delightedly, while the poor big boy blushed furiously. Then Mr. Burton remembered again, and the other boys got nothing worse than a hand-shake or a pat on the head. On the retreat of the last boy Mr. Burton peered into his sack. How he wished

ed it had been empty! Yet sundry packets, tied together and labelled "grown-ups," remained for distribution. He unfastened the string and took out the first packet that came to his hand. It was addressed to one of the aunts. He read the "poem" placed the gift in her hands, hesitated, but finally kissed her. One of the uncles cried "Hooray!" and all the boys giggled. But when that particular uncle drew near to receive his gift, Father Christmas, who was rapidly getting reckless, caught him by the shoulders and gave him a smacking kiss, right on the bald spot on the top of his head. Whereat the boys yelled and the girls giggled.

And at last all the gifts had been dispersed save one. It was addressed to "Mrs. Fairtre." Father Christmas seemed to have lost his voice when he came to it, and to this day no one knows what the "poem" was about. The lady, who was neither very young nor very beautiful, came smiling to receive her packet, and looked brightly up in the face of Father Christmas. No one noticed the lady give a tiny start; no one heard Father Christmas breathe a tiny sigh. But everyone applauded; and immediately afterwards everyone began to talk hard and display their gifts to one another.

And soon Father Christmas departed to the tune of great cheering.

"A thousand thanks, John! You've been a friend indeed!" said Mr. Berry from the bed.

"Shut up!" said Mr. Burton, peering in the glass to see whether the heard and eyebrows had left any marks. "It's time you were asleep. I'll look you up to-morrow, about six."

"Can't you come earlier?"

Mr. Burton pulled his moustache and stared hard at the sprig of mistletoe on the mantelpiece.

"I'm going to call on Mrs. Fairtre to-morrow afternoon," he said at last carelessly.

"Ah!" said Mr. Berry softly, and checked a smile. "Good-night, then, and a Merry Christmas to you, John."

"Good-night, George. Er—same to you."

Which is really the end of this story.

Still—

One day in January a certain small boy wandered along a certain street petting a banana. He dropped the peel on the pavement.

"Pick it up and put it in the gutter," said a gentleman with a fierce grey moustache. "And here's a sixpence for you."

"Why did you give that boy a sixpence, John?" asked the lady whom the gentleman rejoined—a lady who was neither very young nor very beautiful.

But what the gentleman said to the lady then is none of our business.

A poor relation is not necessarily without money; the poorest kind of relation is one who has any amount of it and forgets to remember you in his will. —*from Alice*



## How Often Do You Wind Your Clocks?

A SHORT time ago this little verse came under our observation:

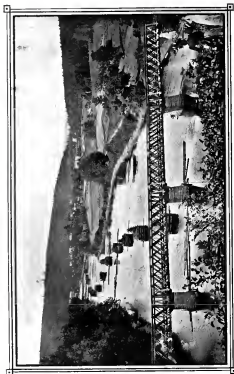
*There was a man who had a clock,  
His name was Matthew Maury,  
He wound it every day  
For many, many years.  
At last his precious timepiece proved  
An eight-day clock to be,  
And a madder man than Mr. Maury  
I would not wish to see.*

How human that is! The imagination of the poet may have supplied that man who owned the eight-day clock with a one day reputation, but he touches a very human note when he wrote about it. The business and professional worlds are full of men whose lives, figuratively speaking, are cramped and distorted by winding clocks every day which would run a week or longer if left alone. One man has an idea that every little detail of his business must receive his personal attention if it is to be properly attended to, and he gets gray before his time. If he, like the man with the clock, would experiment, he would, in all probability, find that things would go on just as well if he devoted his attention to broad issues only, and allowed the details to go to others. Another man, perhaps, has some little physical disability, which he steadily winds up every day, until it becomes the factor of most moment in his whole life. Forgotten for a week or two, things would move along without interruption, and the clock wouldn't stop. Still another man says: "No vacations for me—business can't get along without me—must work, work, work every hour of every day!"—and gets his six feet of earth long before

they are his due. Q So on, with a thousand and one instances—there are men who are steadily winding eight-day clocks every twenty-four hours, and they somehow fail to discover the irreparable waste of energy and effort. Perhaps you laughed at the man with the clock. Don't laugh—he discovered what was wrong after many years, at any rate. It would have been far more of a tragedy if he had never discovered it. Q Look over your own clocks. See if any are being wound more frequently than necessary. Do not convince yourself by your actions that there is any virtue in the kind of work, energy and regularity which causes a man to wind eight-day clocks every day. Wind all your clocks that are built to run eight days once every eight days, and then use the other seven days for something else.







VALLEY OF THE SAUMPAK RIVER NEAR MARYVILLE

## FROM MILL HAND TO MILL OWNER

THE LIFE STORY  
OF  
**ALEXANDER  
GIBSON**

BY  
**D. WILLIAMS**



**I**F ALEXANDER GIBSON had achieved his success in the United States, he would long since have been featured in the Sunday newspapers and the popular magazines. Had he lived his life in the England of the early nineteenth century, his name and deeds would have been enshrined in such notable books as Samuel Smiles' "Self Help." But, as he has spent his days in a quiet corner of the Dominion, working away unostentatiously at his chosen calling, doing his good deeds so that his right hand knew not what his left hand was about, his life story has not yet been drawn upon to illustrate the great lessons of industry, thrift and obedience to the Golden Rule.

In his native Province of New Brunswick, Alexander Gibson, of Maryville, is looked up to with universal respect and admiration. In the eyes of his friends and neighbors he is regarded as combining in his person all the good points of Rockefeller and Carnegie, with none of their defects. He has made Maryville an important point on the map, commercially, and a place of happy homes social-

ly, where dwell a contented and prosperous people. What better service could any man render to humanity than this?

It is many a long year ago that a youth appeared before a foreman of one of the saw-mills at Milltown, a pretty little burg near the mouth of the St. Croix River, and applied for a job. The youth had come in from the country near by. He had no capital, except a good constitution, a practical mind, a determined will and a great capacity for work. His services were accepted and the name of Alexander Gibson was inscribed on the pay-roll of the mill, his wage being at the rate of one dollar per day. In this humble way, the career of the future mill-owner and manufacturer began.

His advance was rapid, as might be expected from one endowed as he was. It was not many years before he had gained control of one of the Milltown mills and set up in business for himself. Transferring the scene of his operations to Lepreau, where he learned that the lumbering industry was not being successfully handled, he soon



THE CHURCH DONATED TO THE METHODISTS OF MARYSVILLE BY MR. GIBSON

brought about a new state of affairs and presently withdrew from the St. Croix River with considerable profits.

He then removed to the Nashuaak and purchased the lumber mills there, together with a large area of timber lands, to which he added from time to time by purchasing reserves from the New Brunswick Government. Here he continued his lumbering operations with marked success until he was recognized generally as the lumber king of the province.

But Mr. Gibson did not limit his activities to lumbering. He became interested in cotton manufacturing, and at Marysville, near Fredericton, the provincial capital, he erected one of the largest and best equipped cotton mills in the Dominion. This mill gives employment to five hundred hands, and has a capacity for many more. It has been pronounced by English experts to be superior in its equipment to

many of the great British cotton mills. For several years the mill was operated by Mr. Gibson personally, but with advancing years, he deemed it wise to transfer the control and management to younger men and now the Marysville mill forms one of the chains of mills operated by a Montreal syndicate. It still stands, however, as a monument to his genius.

The necessity for adequate transportation facilities early impressed itself on Mr. Gibson, and he was personally instrumental in constructing a good many miles of railroad in his province. The Canada Eastern Railway, now a part of the Intercolonial System, was his most important undertaking. This road runs from Fredericton along the valley of the Nashuaak River, crosses the Miramichi portage and then follows the river of that name to Logville, five miles below Chatham, on the main line of the Intercolonial. He was also interested



ALEXANDER GIBSON'S RESIDENCE

in the construction of what is now the Gibson Branch of the C.P.R., running from Gibson to Woodstock. Another important undertaking was the big steel bridges across the St. John at Fredericton.

Personally, Mr. Gibson is a man of exceedingly temperate character, and in him the cause of temperance has always found a strong advocate. In fact, so strong were his views that he secured the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic in Marysville many years ago.

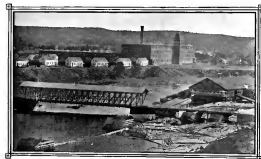
His views on clothing and diet are interesting to note. Plenty of water, used both internally and externally, is his great remedy for all the ills humanity is heir to physically. Although not a vegetarian, he believes that it is wiser to eat very little meat. He invariably wears woolen clothes.

But Mr. Gibson not only cares for himself physically and morally, but he has a very deep interest in the welfare of those beings, with whom he has been brought into contact during his long life of eighty-nine years. It is well known that on a number of occasions he has struck off his ledger accounts of debtors whom he knew to

be in serious financial difficulties. It is also common knowledge that he has voluntarily paid the expenses of young men who were struggling for an education, while many times mysterious barrels of flour and other necessities of life have arrived in the nick of time to relieve the distress of needy families.

Marysville has been improved and beautified by his generosity. For the work-people in his mills, Mr. Gibson erected quite a number of neat and comfortable two-storey dwellings and also several large boarding houses for the unmarried men. The fine Methodist church, with its attractive interior furnishings, was erected by him, while he also furnished the site for the Anglican church.

Of his two sons, Alexander Gibson, Jr., was elected member for York County in the Provincial Legislature several times, and at present he represents the same constituency in the Dominion Parliament. So that Mr. Gibson, Sr., may be said to have not only served his own day and generation well, but to have provided for a continuance of that service in the next generation.



THE GIBSON LUMBER AND COTTON MILLS WITH SOME OF THE WORKMEN'S HOMES

# The Kidnapper

By

G. B. BURGIN

It was Christmas Eve, and the fact immensely aggravated old Sir John Swaffham's ill-temper as he sat all alone after dinner in the great dining-room at Swaffham Park. On this particular Christmas Eve Sir John was very miserable indeed, and wished that he had never been sufficiently ill-advised to buy this country palace, although it was within fifteen or twenty miles of Sandringham. In his ignorance of Court etiquette, Sir John had imagined that the mere fact of his owning so princely a dwelling would ensure his being asked to dine at Sandringham, but the years had passed, and by some mischance he had never yet received the coveted invitation. Knowing that it was a fixed idea with him, all his friends were careful never to mention the subject.

What was the use, when there weren't any elephants left to kill, of having invented "Swaffham's Swan Shot," so called because, although it was originally intended to slay swans, he had improved it to such an extent that it slaughtered elephants as easily as a boy kills flies. What was the use of having been made a "Baron" when he no longer cared to barter anything? What was the use of his enormous wealth, when he had quarrelled some five years ago with his only relation, his niece, Elsie, who had told him that love in a cottage with only a crust and an appetite and Dick Jerningham, a penniless but aristocratically-

connected bank clerk, was better than no appetite and a crusty uncle, who was always inventing things wherewith to destroy the vital spark of wild animals, which would never have a chance of retaliating by destroying his?

With an odd feeling of disgust at his own folly, Sir John had looked forward to an enjoyable Christmas, but, in spite of his wealth, he found himself alone. The village was three miles away. Every one except himself had family ties which kept them at home. Even the butler had respectfully, but somewhat incoherently, asked permission to retire, as he had a few friends waiting for him in the pantry. The dog was asleep, and his favorite cat—the one animal on which he did not desire to experiment with "Swaffham's Pellets"—was occupied in the stables with a family of two days' old, her fifth contribution to the fauna of Swaffham Park within the last twelve months.

To add to his general feeling of forlorn misery, the weather was not "Christmasy," for it rained persistently. Most of the village Waits, especially the younger ones, who sang in the surpliced choir—surplices which the villagers had at first imagined to be night-gowns supplied by Sir John—had already contracted bronchitis and croup and were being nursed at home. In addition to Sir John's other troubles, it had been a bad year for holly berries, and

there wasn't one in the place. The wind, too, blew from Swaffham Park toward the village, so that even if anyone were sufficiently energetic to ring the church bells, it was impossible to hear them. Besides, Sir John dared not appear at the hall in the servants' hall, knowing full well that his presence would inevitably cast a gloom over the assembly.

After much hesitation, he poured himself out a glass of port and then reluctantly put it back in the decanter. If he were to drink that glass of port, he would awaken to-morrow morning with a red-hot pain in his great toes. At the mere possibility of anything so unpleasant he was going to make use of a word beginning with the fourth letter of the alphabet, when he remembered the season and vowed a vow that he would not say anything rhyming with "jam" until the beginning of the New Year. And as a reward for his unwonted self-restraint, he heard the weird toot-toot of a motor, and a loud emphatic knocking at the door.

The butler somewhat unsteadily appeared at the door. Sir John could not fail to notice that he had already been assimilating "the spirit of Christmas" not wisely but too well. "What is it, Jones?" he asked.

"I don't quite know what it is, Sir John, sir, but it's mostly coat, sir," said the butler incoherently. "It—it don't look as 'appy as huss in the pantry, Sir John, sir."

"I darsay not," growled Sir John. "Probably hasn't had the same reason. Well, whoever it is, why don't you show him in out of the wet?"

"If you please, Sir John, sir, the kin-di-vidn-al"—he got the word out with an effort—"in the 'airy coat. Sir John, sir, says 'e 'as a message from his most graci-graci-o-us M-majesty, the King, Sir John, sir, and it isn't betiquet for him to come in. You must come out, Sir John, sir. I have brought you your c-coat sir."

"A message from the King? Probably an invitation from Sandringham, which was forgotten until the last moment."

"I'll think so, Sir John, sir," said the butler unsteadily. "If we might preshume, sir, in the servants' 'all, to drink the 'ealth of his most graci-graci-o-us M-majesty, there's some 'ag port, Sir John, sir—wunnerful port, sir. You'd be s'prised how wunnerful it is, if you could only drink it, Sir John, sir."

"I darsay it is, but I hope to drink it myself some day when this infernal goat has been driven out of my system. After the holidays I shall make a few inquiries as to how you come to know so much about it. Give me my fur coat. You're not sober."

Sir John struggled into his fur coat, and Jones cautiously opened the door. The immediate result of this was a gust of wind which made Sir John hastily turn up his coat collar as the driving rain blew into his face. "A most gracious ar," he said to his butler, "that His Majesty should have condescended to send for me in this weather, and expose so valuable a motor-car to all the fury of the elements. On second thoughts, Jones, as it is Christmas, I will say no more about that little matter of the 'ag port."

Waving aside Jones' incoherent thanks, Sir John waddled down the wide stone steps to where a tall man stood holding open the door of the covered car. Curiously enough, there was no light inside. In the confusion of the moment, Sir John did not notice this.

"I understand that you have a 'command' for me to Sandringham," he said excitedly. "My man will bring my things in a minute. You can find room for him beside the chauffeur?"

The tall man bowed. "I am sorry, Sir John," he said in the voice of one who has an exceedingly bad cold, "that I must ask you to be good

enough to accompany me without a valet. My man will place himself at your disposal. But Sandringham, where his Majesty awaits your coming, is so full up for the festivities that every available inch is occupied. If the wind doesn't blow us off the road, we shall soon do the fifteen miles."

He motioned to Sir John to enter the car pulled to the door, drew a rug over their knees, and the motor glided away into the darkness.

Sir John made an unsuccessful attempt to carry on a conversation. "May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"I am the King's Messenger," said the other occupant of the car, buttoning his fur coat more closely around him.

"You appear to have a very bad cold," said Sir John graciously. "Try a trachee. I always carry them myself. His Majesty is well, I trust?"

"Extremely well," said the King's Messenger, "but I must apologise for the fact that my throat is so extremely painful that I fear I shall have to rob myself of the pleasure of conversing with you."

Sir John also apologised, and relapsed into an uncomfortable silence, only broken on his part by an expressive "Oh my?" when the car jolted over the rough road. It seemed to him that they were whizzing through the darkness at a most dangerous rate. "I suppose," he hazarded, "that the usual restrictions as to speed do not apply on such an occasion as this?"

"They do not apply," croaked the King's Messenger; and drew his fur coat more closely around him.

Just as Sir John was beginning to wish that he were well home again, the motion of the car ceased suddenly, a lodge gate was opened, and the scrunch-scrunch of the tires announced that they were moving slowly up a gravel drive.

"We have arrived," said the

King's Messenger gravely. "Permit me to help you to alight."

"Don't mention it," replied Sir John, and, with surprising agility for a man of his years, he got nimbly out of the car.

In spite of the fur rug, Sir John was so cold that his teeth chattered. As he looked round the modest entrance hall, he was somewhat surprised that the footman wore an almost ostentatiously plain livery. "If you would like to come to your room, sir, for a moment," the latter said respectfully, as he took up Sir John's bag. "I will show you the way."

Sir John looked round for the King's Messenger, but that gentleman had disappeared. He followed the footman along a spacious but by no means regal passage, and was shown into an exceedingly comfortable room, in which blazed a brilliant fire. There was a beautiful set of silver hair-brushes with a big "S" on the backs, and Sir John could not conceal his gratification at this delicate attention. Indeed, so pleased was he that he promptly presented the footman with a sovereign, and, after artistically arranging across the crown of his head the one lock of iron-grey hair, which did duty for the rest, announced that he was ready.

"This way, if you please, sir," said the footman respectfully. "If you'll kindly follow me, sir."

Sir John somewhat diffidently followed the footman downstairs. The ambition of a lifetime was about to be realized. In another moment, he would be presented to Royalty. Would his Majesty shake hands with him or content himself with a stately bow? And ought he, Sir John, to address the King as "Your Majesty" or "Sir"? He began to wish that he had had another look at his tie. "Of course, they couldn't expect me to be in Court dress at such short notice,"

he mused, and turned to the footman. "One moment, please. Is my tie straight?"

"Puffily straight, sir," said the footman. He threw open the door. "Sir John Swaffham?"

Sir John, still vainly endeavoring to appear as though he were accustomed to meet Royalty every day, advanced slowly into the room to where a lady and a gentleman in evening dress stood on the white hearth-rug. He was a little short-sighted, and did not, for the moment, perceive that the lady held a surpassingly beautiful little four-year old girl in her arms. When he did, he was immensely gratified. "Must be the Prince and Princess of Wales, and they're keeping the child up to show me," he thought. In his gratification he made so profound a bow that his foot became entangled in a black bearskin, and he was violently precipitated into the arms of the Prince as that gentleman came forward to meet him.

"I beg your Royal Highness's pardon—" he stammered. Then a cold perspiration of rage broke out all over him. "Jerningham! You here! What does this mean? Are you also invited? Impossible!"

The beautiful woman at Jerningham's side (she was too far off to hear what had been said) came forward. "This is indeed most kind of you, uncle. I was so afraid that you would not congratulate us on our good fortune now that Dick has come into his own."

In spite of Sir John's half-hearted protest, she kissed him affectionately. "Now you must kiss baby Joan," she declared. "Joan was as near as we could get to John, uncle. Joan, darling, this is Uncle Swaffham. Kiss him, Joan."

She placed the golden-haired mite in Sir John's arms.

For the moment the child seemed inclined to cry.

"Buck up, Joan," said Jerningham.

ham. "What have you been wishing people all day?"

Joan "bucked up." "A merry Christmas, and a—"

"Happy New Year and many of 'em," prompted her father.

"And a happy many of 'em Uncle Swappy," said Joan triumphantly bursting into a peal of baby laughter.

"It was so kind of you to come in response to my letter," said Mrs. Jerningham, again kissing Sir John most affectionately. "though you are too late for dinner. Still, you must be hungry after your ride. We are going to have a Christmas Eve supper directly."

The bewildered Sir John remembered that he had received a letter from his niece that very morning, but, concluding that it was a begging appeal, he had thrust it, unopened, into the fire. Presently he found himself sitting in a comfortable armchair, in the most benevolent of moods, actually teaching that engaging small person, Joan Jerningham, how to play with his watch-chain. Then he put his watch to her ear and let her count the ticks.

After a little while, Joan's golden head began to droop, she nestled more closely to him, and buried her face in his shoulder.

"Come, Joan darling, bed-time," said her mother warningly. "Say 'good-night' to Uncle Swaffham, and I'll carry you up to the nursery."

"I'm not sleepy," began Joan; and immediately disproved the assertion by falling fast asleep.

Mrs. Jerningham took the child and left the two men together.

When they were alone, Sir John turned fiercely on Dick Jerningham. "Now, sir, what is the meaning of this outrage?" he demanded with well-veiled anger.

The good-looking young fellow shut his teeth together with a click. "I hoped you wouldn't take it like that, Sir John," he said sternly. "I'm

the kidnapper. My wife doesn't know anything about it. She thinks you've come in answer to her letter. I told her that I'd had an answer from you, and that I was going over to fetch you."

"But why—why?"

"Because," said the young fellow, "because, Sir John, she's very fond of you, and I couldn't bear to see her grieve at your continued silence. Like all young men who are in love, I've no doubt made myself very objectionable. But I love her so much, and she's so very sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! Why?"

"You're all alone in the world, and we have each other and the kiddie. That's why she's so sorry for you. She nearly broke down last Christmas because she wanted to see you so much."

Sir John, although visibly softened, was a stubborn man. "It was a mean trick to play upon an old man's vanity and—loyalty to his sovereign. A mean trick."

"It was a mean trick," Jerningham admitted. "A very mean trick. A trick for which I owe you the profoundest apology. Now that I have come into a lot of money, I can make that apology without any suspicion of interested motives. I couldn't think of any other way to get you here, or I wouldn't have turned kidnapper."

"But my servants! I shall be the

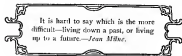
laughing-stock of the county," fumed Sir John.

"Oh, no, you won't. Only the butler heard my yarn, and he was nearly drunk. You can easily say that you come over here to see us, and no one will doubt it for a moment. I'm very much ashamed of myself for having played this trick on you, but it was for my wife's sake. You saw how happy she was to meet you again. Say what you like to me—I deserve it all—but don't make her unhappy. You're the only relation she has in the world, and she has never ceased to love you. I don't talk cant, Sir John, but, if a young man may presume to say so to a much older one, this is a time of the year when most people strive to forget and forgive."

The door opened, and Mrs. Jerningham came in, her beautiful face flushed with happiness. "Joan was too sleepy to say her prayers," she said smilingly. "She's going to show 'Uncle Swappy' her goliwog in the morning."

The footman announced supper. Sir John hesitated no longer. "I'm ferociously hungry, Jerningham, and I haven't yet thanked you for bringing me over on such a beastly night." He turned to his niece. "My love, may I have the privilege of taking you in to supper? I—I shall enjoy it much more than I did my solitary dinner."

And he did.



It is hard to say which is the more difficult—living down a past, or living up to a future.—*Jean Miller*.



ZEPPELIN'S AIRSHIP FLOATING OVER LAKE CONSTANCE

## The Future of Airship Travel in Canada

With Some Account of Zeppelin's Achievements

By

G. STERLING RYERSON, M.D.

VENTURE the prediction that within five years in Europe, and within ten years in Canada, it will be possible to travel by airship with comfort, speed and reasonable safety—arriving and leaving with much the same degree of certainty that is now assured by ocean-going steamers. Zeppelin's airship, carrying sixteen persons, can remain in the air for four days without descending to earth for additional food or fuel (he has carried twenty-six). The present rate of speed is 40 miles an hour. There can be no doubt that this speed will eventually be increased, as also the carrying capacity of the airships.

On the basis of 40 miles an hour, it would be possible to cross from Halifax to Liverpool (2,100 miles), in

about 53 hours. A trans-Atlantic voyage, however, will not likely be undertaken in the very near future.

It is not at all improbable that a line of airships will run from Halifax to Montreal, via St. John, N.B.; from Montreal to Toronto, and from Toronto to Winnipeg and Vancouver. At a speed of forty miles an hour, nine hours would be required for the run from Montreal to Toronto, but as the distance is calculated by railway mileage, it is probable that the time would be greatly reduced by a straight flight "as the crow flies."

Think of the comfort of it—especially in summer! No jarring, no dust, no smoke! Fancy the enjoyment to be derived from the wonderful and rapidly-changing panorama!

The conquest of the air is no more wonderful than the invention of the electric telegraph, the telephone, the transmission of electric energy, or wireless telegraphy, or the discovery of radium or X-rays. It is not more improbable than in a few years we shall be making our reservations for airship berths than that we should see our own homes, or that we should be able to photograph our heart's action, or transmit a message 2,000 miles without wires.

To Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin's energy, tenacity of purpose, courage and ability, the world is indebted for solving the problem of aerial navigation—a problem which has occupied the attention of scientists for two centuries.

The story of Zeppelin and his airships is one of persistent effort in the face of discouragements, public incredulity and financial em-barrassment. Much has been written by him, but so far as his knowledge goes, he has not come in contact with Canadians, and little is known of his personality or life history. It was my good fortune to see him and to hear from men who know him intimately, something of his life and work. A man of seventy-one, he is active, alert, and acts like a man of forty. He is of medium height, square build, of rasy countenance, the color of which is heightened by his snow-white moustache, although his head is otherwise almost devoid of hair. His eyes are blue-grey, bright, keen, fearless and vivacious. Such is a pen picture of the man

who has achieved a world reputation as the "Conqueror of the Air." Born July 8th, 1838, of noble parents of no great wealth, on the "Island" near Constance, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin early engaged in hunting, shooting, fishing and mountain-climbing, hence his present vigorous health. He was carefully educated by tutors and entered the University of Wurtemberg at an early age, and later in life served with great distinction in the Franco-Prussian War. He had previously obtained war experience by

serving in the American Civil War under Grant. While in America he, with two Russian companions, endeavored to trace the sources of the Mississippi. During this expedition he met with adventures and hardships which well might cost him his life. After the Franco-Prussian War he served as a cavalry officer for some years, and finally reached the rank of general. His military career was varied by a period of diplomatic service as the representative of Wurtemberg at the Court of Berlin.

The idea of dirigible airships came to him forcibly during his service as a cavalry officer in two outposts during the siege of Paris. He kept it constantly in mind, and finally, in 1894, his military life being ended, he addressed himself seriously to this question. The year 1898 saw him embarked in the manufacture of airships at the head of a company with a capital of 800,000 marks. By the end of 1900 his first airship was completed

in the floating construction hall on the Bodensee, Lake Constance. On the 2nd of July he moved out in view of the assembled thousands. He made three successful flights this year. Strange to relate, it was after his first success that the time of trial and discouragement came. Notwithstanding his successful flight he could obtain no more money to continue his work. For this he pledged his own, his wife's and his daughter's fortunes and reduced himself and family to dire straits. At last the German Imperial Government came to his rescue and gave him a very large sum in return for executive rights.

Now, a few words of description of the Zeppelin System of Airship. The essential ideas are: (1) Compartments. (2) An elongated form driven by gasoline motors. The length of the airship is 135 meters, and greatest breadth 13 meters. Each compartment is filled with hydrogen gas separately and can be emptied separately, hence in case of accident, damage to a "gas cell" does little harm. From the frame of the airship is suspended two "gondolas," each carry-

ing a Daimler motor of 105 h.p. Along the whole length of the ship runs a steel keel, suspended from which is a small car loaded with reserve material, which can be run forwards and backwards to aid in rising or descending. Running along two-thirds of the length of the under side of the balloon is a passageway constructed of steel and canvas, through which one can pass from one "gondola" to the other. In the centre of the passage is a "cabin" 8 meters long and two wide. It is comfortably fitted as a sleeping room. In the centre of the balloon, leading to its upper surface, is a stairway, ending in a platform, from which the head and shoulders can emerge above the upper surface of the bottom for the purpose of making observations. The airship is driven by two propellers, having a diameter of 2.20 meters. It is steered by one vertical and six horizontal rudders, three on each side. The framework is made of steel tubing and aluminum, covered with special cotton cloth, sized and otherwise prepared to resist gas and pressure air change of temperature.



COUNT ZEPPELIN



ZEPPELIN'S AIRSHIP EMERGING FROM FLOATING SHED ON LAKE CONSTANCE

# Christmas Aboard an Ocean Liner

By

CAPTAIN A. H. VIPOND.

Commander of the S.S. Virginian



A CANADIAN ATLANTIC LINER

TWO or three years ago I remember a couple of tiny girls coming to me whilst I was on the bridge of one of the Allan steamers to ask if it were true that we had on board Father Christmas as a passenger. Had you been in my place I think you would have answered as I did. I told them that not only was Father Christmas on board, but that he was going to make a present to all the little boys and girls when they were sound asleep in their cabins. How delighted those youngsters were! Yet they had their misgivings, for they could not understand how Father Christmas could find his way into a cabin where there was no chimney.

As a matter of fact, it is quite true that at sea, as on land, wherever there are a few English people, the old, old festival of Christmas tide is kept up. It has grown to be quite a part of us, and comes, therefore, as I may put it, in the natural order of things.

Curiously enough, throughout my life on the sea, I have never known a Christmas Day marred by really bad weather. As a rule, the elements have somehow seemed to come into harmony with the peaceful associations of the day. Heavy falls of snow I have known, of course, and on these occasions, when the water has been fairly calm, the comparative silence of the ocean was

very vividly borne in upon us. There was no sound to be heard save the swish of the waves and the whirl of our propellers. Although the bridge of a liner is not the most attractive place in a blinding snowstorm, I have often thought that I know no prettier spectacle than a great steamer outlined in the virgin white of the feathery flakes.

I am often asked at this time of the year whether it is true that people send Christmas cards to one another on board ship. It will go doubt interest many of my readers to hear that the practice is very general on the big Atlantic liners. If the passengers before embarking have not provided themselves with a few cards (and generally they do forget to do so) they can rely on purchasing some from the ship's barber, or other official, who usually lays in a good variety, knowing that he will readily dispose of them. He often has, also, a little stock of fancy goods suitable for presentation purposes. These, too, are quickly bought up by the passengers, who are glad of the opportunity to secure some little nick-nack to offer a friend as a Christmas gift or souvenir of the voyage.

Though there is an official "post office" on the ship, with a collection immediately prior to sailing and one on arrival at port, it will be obvious to my readers that passengers do not drop their cards into the letter-box if the ship is in mid-Atlantic, to be delivered to those on board next day. Letters, etc., put into the box are treated just as if they were in the ordinary pillar-box on land, and they are not taken out until the proper collecting time. No; if you have a few Christmas cards to be delivered to your fellow travelers in another part of the ship, the man who acts as the postman is your steward. On Christmas Eve the various stewards receive a large number of letters, cards, packets, etc., for delivery early

on Christmas Day, and these are either placed before the recipients on the breakfast table, or taken to the proper cabins with a cup of tea or coffee as soon as the occupants are stirring.

The happiness and delight derived by young and old alike from these little gifts is simply unbounded. Breakfast on board is served, of course, in the handsome dining-saloon, and the litter of envelopes, paper and string on the carpet afterwards occupies the attention sometimes of half-a-dozen stewards to clear it away! The captain on these occasions is seldom forgotten, and though he misses the good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the dear ones at home, he receives innumerable expressions of goodwill from his passengers.

Besides the customary Christmas cards, we nowadays are able to send and receive greetings to and from passing ships and the mainland by means of wireless telegraphy. This has grown into a popular custom, and a Christmas Day at sea never passes without an interchange of messages and good wishes from friends at home and the passengers on steamers crossing the ocean. A message addressed to the passengers as a body is posted on the notice boards, where every one may read it, and needless to say it enhances the prevailing feelings of good-fellowship.

Divine service is as much an institution at sea as on land, especially on Christmas Day. It is attended by all classes of passengers, and it nearly always happens that there is a clergyman on board to officiate. He conducts the service just as though he were in his own church at home, except for a few minor differences in routine. Hymns for this season of the year are selected and are sung with great heartiness, while on steamers such as the Virginian,

which has a concert party formed of stewards, carols are sung by what I may truthfully term the choir. It may cause a smile when I say that we always make a collection on these occasions, but the proceeds do not go towards the "Building Fund" or the "Mother's Meeting Social Fund," or the "New Organ Fund," or for the "Sunday-School Scholars' Next Tea Party"—they all go to that splendid institution, the Seaman's Orphanage. I need scarcely add that the service includes a sermon on the Christmas festival and all that it means.

Towards evening a most appetising odor may be detected in the neighborhood of the dining saloons. It heralds the approach of Christmas dinner—such a dinner as is unrivalled even in the finest London and Continental hotels. Its preparation was in progress weeks before the ship sailed, for all the edibles had first to be decided on, then ordered, and finally examined by the master steward and victualling superintendent, whose office is an important one on shore.

You may be certain that he provides a few dozen turkeys and geese, together with hundreds of rounds of beef, a plentiful supply of whatever game is in season, plum puddings, fruits, as well as the ingredients for all descriptions of innumerable dainty dishes. When you are at the table and read the menu before you, you cannot but wonder whence came

all the tempting things the chef has provided.

Though I have been at sea many years, I am even now sometimes amazed at the extraordinary appliances which are used by the cooks. One of the chief of these worth mentioning is, perhaps, the refrigerating apparatus, in which are stocked all the goods liable to perish unless kept in the ice chamber.

The good old-fashioned Christmas fare remains as popular as ever at sea, and is immensely enjoyed. Toasting each other's health follows among the passengers, and the function winds up with snap-dragon and other games, and the pulling of Christmas crackers, which afford endless enjoyment.

Meanwhile, the purser, stewards and other officers have arranged a sacred concert for the evening, and it is really surprising how successful these gatherings prove to be. When we happen to have a professional singer on board, he or she most willingly volunteers to assist the amateurs, who put forth every effort to bring the Christmas festival to a successful end.

Before concluding I should add that next day—Boxing Day—a round of entertainments is provided, the programme generally including a fancy dress ball and amateur theatricals.

Life on board an ocean liner at Christmas time is, after all, not without its pleasures.



USE OF THE GALLERIES: ART ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL

## A Business Men's Art Gallery

By

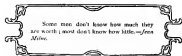
F. J. ARROWSMITH

"USEFUL Arts paved the way to Fine Arts. Men upon whom the former had bestowed every convenience turned their thoughts to the latter. Beauty was studied in objects of sight, and men of taste attracted themselves to the Fine Arts, which multiplied their enjoyment and improved their benevolence."

It was in 1847—a memorable year in the Fine Arts history of Montreal—that the citizens of the Metropolis of Canada were given their first opportunity of viewing, in a carefully selected form, a collection of pictures from the brush of dead and living artists. Before then only the collector pure and simple and the rich man

who could take a trip to the renowned picture galleries of the Old World, were enabled to study and to draw inspiration from those "poems without words," which, in their beauty and inspiration, to paraphrase Addison, make their way so directly to the soul, and diffuse a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination. A country without an art collection is bereft of those influences which enrich the commonplace with culture and elegance, and make the most humdrum life all the more pleasant to bear.

It was in 1847, then, that a few enterprising artists in Montreal, recognizing that the city, so far as a proper appreciation of Art was concerned, was in the Dark Ages, pro-





meed the first authentic exhibition of pictures. Aided by the loan of some masterpieces from local patrons, a collection of some 170 pictures was displayed in what is now known as the "Mechanics' Institute," an association of innocent men on St. James Street. From the first, quality and not quantity was the standard, and that standard has ever since been carefully borne by succeeding collections. With a quality-voiced apology for a deficiency in quantity, which it was hoped, was atoned for by quality, and mentioning that the committee had carefully selected the best, while strictly excluding those of their works which might be deemed commonplace or offensive to taste, the exhibition was thrown open to view.

After that the movement seems to have languished until ten years later, when, under the direction of the Mercantile Library Association, another exhibition, comprising some 317 pictures, was held. This effort was more of an associated character, and led the way to the formation of the present Montreal Art Association, which later in its incorporation and peculiar features of organization, is quite unique.

A great amount of success must have attended this exhibition, for three years later came the incorporation of an association "for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, by means of the establishment and maintenance, in so far as may be found practicable, of a gallery or galleries of Art, and the establishment of a School of Design in the City of Montreal." At last an associated attempt was to be made to relieve Montreal of a standing reproach to its boasted enlightenment, and to gather together for all time for the benefit of the citizens some of the wonderful portrayals of nature that "multiply our enjoyment and improve our benevolence." With no money except that personally subscribed by well-wishers of the movement, and without any headquarters of its own, the Art Association, under the presidency of Bishop Fulford, fought its way slowly

forward. Exhibitions of pictures, loaned and for sale, were held regularly either in the "Mechanics' Institute" or in the Windsor Hotel, gathering popularity every year, and sowing seeds which bore great fruit when the chance of the association came.

And this chance was afforded by the wonderful bequest of Benajah Gibb, a worthy Montreal merchant, who was vice-president of the association in its second year, and who was a very devoted collector of paintings. This gentleman, the first really great benefactor of the association, not only bequeathed the land in Phillips Square, on which the present fine building of the Art Association stands, but also his collection of pictures in perpetuity as the nucleus of a gallery for the Art lovers of his beloved city. It can be imagined how the councillors appreciated the bequest, and felt rewarded for their efforts in thus being able to reprove the doubting Thomases who had despaired of a permanent gallery in Montreal.

With the help of public subscriptions the first portion of the Art Association building was erected, and opened in 1879 by the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. But the original collection was so quickly added to by gifts and purchases, and the aims of the association so widened, that the building had to be extended, and in 1893 a handsome annex was opened by Lord Aberdeen. From the original collection of 163 pictures and objects of art, the galleries now contain some 550 to 560, the last additions being the exceptionally fine collection received from Mr. W. J. Leamont, and his sister, Agnes Leamont, members of a well-known Montreal family. The association has also received great help, although confined by conditions, from a Miss Orkney, a niece of Mr. Gibb, and from Mr. John W. Templest, another merchant of Montreal, who left the association 170 paintings of great merit, and \$60,000, the interest of this sum to be devoted solely for



REV. LORD BISHOP FULFORD  
LATE BISHOP OF MONTREAL AND METROPOLITAN OF CANADA  
FOUNDER OF THE ART ASSOCIATION

the purchase of pictures of a particular school.

If, in its objects, the association is not unique, surely it is in its source of maintenance. When it is considered that the upkeep of the building, and the whole expenses of the association are provided for solely by the voluntary subscriptions of its members, now numbering 850 to 900, and the rest of two or three small stores, one can give a hearty psalm of praise to the council and officers of the past and of the present for the able manner in which they have overcome the financial difficulties—difficulties which

necessarily increase every year, as the Art Gallery grows. It must be understood that the policy of the management is one of progress, and progress is not always economical.

The aim of the association is not only to add to its collection, but to guide and educate the tastes of its members, and to cultivate and encourage the artistic tendencies of young Montreal. Art classes are held on various days, and although the funds of the association will not allow of free tuition, yet scholarships are given which afford a chosen few the opportunity of a free course of instruction

under the professors on the staff. Then again, the association organizes at different times loan collections of paintings of the different European schools past and present, so that members can see masterpieces without the expense of going abroad. In these collections the committee carries out the original ideas of theceptors—not the gathering of a large collection, but one that will best enrich the minds and imaginations of its members, as artistic studies a one can do. In addition, some three or four annual exhibitions are given, so that aspiring artists are afforded a chance of exhibiting their works, and of receiving public recognition so often deserved and yet so seldom forthcoming.

It can be quite understood, as the objects and work of the association are fully realized, that the upkeep

and other expenses of the Galleries are very heavy. The insurance on the pictures, permanent and loaned, is enormous, and the assessment by the city, which has no sympathy for poor struggling Art, grows heavier every year. And yet all this ever-growing expense is met by the subscriptions of members and the rent from the stores previously mentioned. The public is charged a slight fee for admission, but there is no doubt that if the association could support the collection and maintain the obligations into which it entered from the days of its incorporation, it would willingly throw open its doors to the public, and start a national gallery that is imperatively needed in Canada. All it can do now is to encourage Art through its club organization.



## Peace or War With the United States

LORD COURTNEY, OF PENWITH, contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a thoughtful article on "Peace or War," in which he touches on the future relations of Great Britain and the United States, incidentally dealing with the Dominion's position in regard to the two nations. Lord Courtney surveys the wars in Europe of the past century and comes to this conclusion, which he states in two provincial propositions: "First, that considering the tempers, traditions, and historic circumstances of men and of nations, every war that has ever happened has been inevitable; but next, that no war which has not yet happened, however powerful may be the forces moving to its precipitation, can be pronounced inevitable until it has actually come to pass."

War with France has been often inevitable, but has never come to pass, and Lord Courtney asks if the same may not be true with regard to the United States. While a war with America may seem most improbable, yet brothers may quarrel and fight, and there have been times when evil temper has been manifested. The very fact that the same language is spoken

in both countries makes time for reflection short.

Lord Courtney reviews some of the occasions of friction during the last century, the Trent and Alabama affairs and the Venezuelan question. Of the latter he writes that while there was much exasperation in England over President Cleveland's interference, it transpired later that "he was a simple, honest man, more or less unconscious of the offence he was exciting and of the imprudence of his own conduct."

There are two conceivable provocations for war in the future, though it would require gross mismanagement to bring war about in either case. Pretensions to exclude trade might be developed into one provocation. The second would be found in the deeper question of the existence of the Dominion.

The citizens of the United States are not always thinking about Canada, but I believe the unexpressed thought of almost every one of them is that Canada will in the future of time be joined on to the United States and become one with them. There is no dream of taking Canada by force. The belief is that, as the domination of the Union becomes realized and the establishment of political and social life perfected,



THE READING ROOM

tion of certain exports from one or more provinces of the Dominion, or the duties to be levied on Canadian products in general brought into the United States. Diplomacy may well be exercised in adjusting the

difficulties provoked by trade jealousies on both sides. But diplomacy may be trusted to solve these questions until the happier and distant time comes when they shall disappear."

## A Preventative of Fatigue

"In the light of the rapid progress made in the last few years, it is not even too much to suppose that some day we may have a form of immunization against fatigue that will be as effective as the present vaccination for smallpox." This is the conclusion arrived at by F. W. Eastman in *Harper's Monthly*, when discussing recent research work along the lines of discovering the causes of fatigue.

He points out that very little has been done to break the bonds that hamper humanity in this direction. In the near future, on account of the banishment of the more pressing question of disease, doctors will be able to turn their attention more earnestly to producing greater efficiency in the normal individual. Fatigue, either of mind or body, by harassing us at every turn during our waking hours, and finally prostrating us in sleep for a third of our time, would seem to be an enemy worthy of our steel.

After demonstrating that every muscular effort is a chemical process, the writer points out just what this process is.

Laboratory experiments give us more definite information as to what this chemical process really is and its relation to fatigue. The stored material mentioned above is a kind of sugar, being composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and is called glycogen. The great storehouse for this muscle-sugar is the liver, which loans it from the alimentary tract and supplies it through the blood to the muscles as their available stores are used up. When the muscle is exhausted to exhaust, either by a mere impulse from the brain or more directly by the application of an electric current, there is a reaction between the oxygen of the blood and this glycogen. This process results in the formation of waste products and a release of energy, some of which produces the chattering of the muscle in contraction, and the rest, in the form of heat, is either wasted or sent to

regulate the body temperature. However, it is the waste products formed which are at present interest to us, for it is in their accumulation that our fatigue is usually to be ascribed.

Experiments prove that not only does the presence of the waste products in the system occasion fatigue, but also that a shortage of glycogen also causes fatigue. From this it is deduced that as all fatigue substances are acid in reaction, the use of alkalis in some form or other becomes advantageous and that the use of sugar helps to keep up the supply of glycogen and greatly retards fatigue. However, owing to the variety of fatigue substances produced, no one substance is able to neutralize them all.

Only recently still another aspect has been given to the question by the investigations of a young Greek scientist named Weidner. He finds that the injection of the extract of fatigued muscles into fresh animals produces all the symptoms of fatigue, and even death by apparent exhaustion if the dose is large enough. So far the results are in accord with experiments already mentioned, but he now goes a step further and finds that repeated injections of medium doses of this toxic extract of fatigued muscle develop an antitoxin in the blood of the injected animal, and it is now able to stand many times the fatal dose of the extract. This fatigued antitoxin has been separated from the blood and administered to fatigued animals, with the result that they recover very much more quickly than usual. When given at the same time that the toxic extract of fatigued muscle is injected, the latter has no effect.

This antitoxin has also been put in the form of tablets and given to human beings, with the result that records of the contractions of some of their muscles prove them to be very much more resistant to fatigue than when the antitoxin was not given. In some cases they were able to do nearly a hour's rest, some work before exhaustion, and this without any apparent after-effect. Comparison of these results with those from other agents mentioned proves this substance to be by far the most efficient antidote for fatigue.



AN IMPORTANT STRATEGIC POINT

THE FIRST BAY OF THE WILLIAMSVILLE AT FORT DUNDAS. THE CANADIAN BRIGADE VOLUNTARY IN BATTLE FOR THE TOWN.

the gravitation of the Dominion to the Union will be inevitable. To prevent misapprehension, I hasten to say that I do not myself accept this dream with enthusiasm, much less with enthusiasm, and again still less with desire. The political organization of Canada is, in my judgment, better than that of the United States, and it possesses a flexibility and a power of self-adjustment which the citizens of the Empire might well envy. Bearing the realization of Thompson's long deferred "Federation of the World," it is to be wished that the development of the two neighbors may remain separated, though friendly. Something must be said. What is to be said of our national attitude by the side of the American one? We are also not without thinking about Canada, but, if I confessed my countrymen might, they would never order our representatives to come to the foreign associations of Canada against the wishes of the people of Canada, although they exhausted all their powers in removing such an association. We have at the same time been in the habit of saying that it has become a commonplace, that it may seem desired to separate itself from the United Kingdom we should not attempt to compel it to remain with us. I must confess that I think this commonplace has not the force of perfect certainty, but it is almost impossible to conceive of a practically applied desire of separation. In the War of Independence there was to the last a minority who wished to remain under the

British Crown, and supported as Loyalists afterwards, and notwithstanding the most singular dissolution of the union between Norway and Sweden, I think necessary as the question of separation would be far less impossible; whilst naturally on the question of a transfer of union is beyond the dream of dreams. The idea that may guide us through the labyrinth of the future is to be based in the principle that the people of Canada must be recognized as their own masters of their fate.

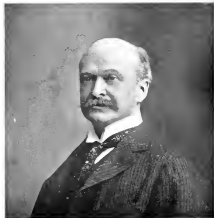
Lord Courtney sees no hope of a continued naval predominance for England, relative to the United States. "It is not a question of courage, of sacrifice or of patriotic devotion. Having regard to population, accumulated resources and physical power, the notion of challenging the United States to a running competition in building ships of war is seen to be idle."

He sees a chance of some friction over the tariff between Canada and the United States. "Some curious questions may have to be debated touching the bearing of the prohibi-

## An Architect With a Mission

The recent death of Charles F. McKim, head of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, of New York, has called forth eulogies from the press of the United States, which demonstrated the high position held by this famous architect in his profession.

St. Gaudens well set this Pennsylvania-born Pennsylvania boy, "Charles the Charming," for he had an irresistible, high head, quiet way with him, which enabled him, with an unusual amount of perseverance added, to overcome most obstacles, and as an illustration of his sublimity it is told that when he was completing the Morgan Library—one of the most finished and elegant buildings in the



THE LATE CHARLES F. MCKIM

WHOSE WORK AS AN ARCHITECT IS PRESENTED BY MANY A FAMOUS AMERICAN AND CANADIAN BUILDING

Buildings of world-wide fame, such as the Madison Square Garden in New York, the Public Library in Boston, the Columbia Library in New York and the Pennsylvania Terminal in the same city, are all the product of his genius. Of the man himself, Albert Kelcey writes in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia,

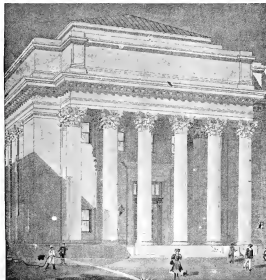
world—he suggested to its wealthy owner, who, till then, had given him carte blanche, that he knew where a large disk of porphyry could be purchased abroad which would just complete the floor under the beautiful vestibule dome. When the price was ascertained, Mr. Morgan was more than fairly indignant, and gave his architect a stern lecture upon the vice of extravagance. The subject was dropped; other matters were discussed, but just before the interview concluded, Mr. McKim whispering

in the great man's ear that "Sergent's had been reviewed upon that stone!" Some days later, Mr. McKim was notified that the porphyry had been ordered for, and it is now said by those who should know that at the famous midnight meeting the Ten of Wood Street invited the great bankers of the country while standing upon it. At any rate, be that as it may, it is in the face where Mr. McKim wanted it to go, and it completes his noble scheme as he wished to have it completed.

Of his varied activities outside the immediate calls of his profession, Mr. Kelcey has this to say:

He was the founder of the American Academy at Rome and raised a million dollars for its endowment. He was the president of the Amer-

ican Institute of Architects and organized the great banquet which was attended by many of the most notable men of the land and had a decided influence in shaping architectural opinion. He was the respected friend and adviser of President McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, and was even on the late Secretary of State, the Hon. Elihu Root, one much of their judgment in the carrying out of large public works to his generous and friendly advice. He was a member of many learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic. He received in 1901, from King Edward, a gold medal in recognition of his services towards the advancement of architecture the world over, and several universities conferred upon him honorary degrees, the last and highest having been conferred less than a year ago by the University of Pennsylvania. On that



THE PROPOSED BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING IN WINNIPEG

decision in appointing him. Professor Warren P. Laid justly said: "During your career architecture has advanced in this country from obscurity to its rightful position as the master art. In this development your influence has been supreme by reason of a noble purity of style, exalted professional ideals and passionate devotion to the cause of education."

Probably the last piece of work on which Mr. McKim was called to give his advice was the new Bank of Montreal branch in Winnipeg.

## Pros and Cons of Georgian Bay Canal

A THOUGHTFUL article on the Georgian Bay Canal is contributed to the *North American Review* by Professor S. J. McLean. According to him it is not so much the feasibility of the route from an engineering standpoint, which should be considered, but its probable future traffic. From the standpoint of time and the reduction of rates consequent thereon, it may be expected to attract business. But given an improved Welland and St. Lawrence canal system, there would be no advantage in point of time.

During 1902 the wheat rate from Chicago to Buffalo by Lake averaged 35 cents per bushel, while from Detroit to Buffalo it was 15 cents. During the same period the rail rate on export wheat from Buffalo to New York was from five to five and one-half cents. The Lake and canal rate by the St. Lawrence to Montreal has averaged over a period of years four and one-half cents. Since it is estimated that the Georgian Bay Canal can carry wheat to Montreal at a profit at two cents per bushel, its rate advantages are apparent.

Professor McLean points out, however, that owing to the northerly route of the canal, the period of navigation would be limited to about 210 days, as against 232 days via the Welland canal, but against this he places the possibility of more trips by the shorter route.

A strong argument in favor of the canal is to be found in the significance of the Upper Lakes as the outlet for a rapidly-developing territory. The

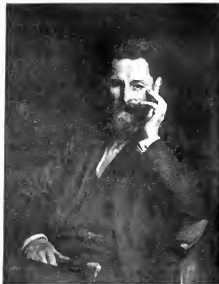
While the plans have not yet been definitely decided upon, the design prepared by McKim, Mead & White calls for a Corinthian style of architecture. The structure is to have a 90-foot frontage and 150-foot depth, while the height will be nearly 100 feet. The building when completed will undoubtedly be one of the finest, if not the finest, of its kind in America.

importance of the Lower Lakes is relatively declining. The northwestward trend of the wheat centre is especially noteworthy.

Return cargoes by the Georgian Bay canal would, of course, be minus the coal and salt which form the bulk of the cargoes of vessels now running to Lake Erie ports, but this could be made up by general merchandise, cement and Nova Scotian coal.

The Georgian Bay Canal project brings up the important question of the increasing size and draught of Lake vessels. It must be recognized that, notwithstanding the shorter route, there is some question whether there will be sufficient traffic west-bound from Montreal to attract large Lake vessels in preference to the run to Lake Erie ports. In favor of the canal it may, however, be urged that the development of a large bulk of east-bound tonnage will increase the volume of coast-going tonnage entering Montreal and that the result of this will be a large volume of inbound tonnage. Enthusiasts have claimed that not only will the canal attract the Lake type of vessel, but that it will also lead to direct voyages from the Great Lakes to European ports, thus obtaining the disadvantages of breaking bulk.

The Georgian Bay Canal will be a costly work. Construction through the Lawrence formation will be expensive and will take about ten years to complete. It is estimated that the canal will cost \$105,000,000; even if money can be obtained at three per cent, the interest charge will amount three millions; in addition, maintenance charges must be considered, although Canada has greatly increased its resources of recent years, the demands upon these are also great. The Government, while sharing the construction of the canal, has not given a definite indication of the policy it proposes to adopt.



JOSEPH PULITZER

## The Blind Owner of a Great Newspaper

JOSEPH PULITZER, the blind owner of the *New York World*, is the subject of a particularly interesting character study in the *American Magazine*. This remarkable man landed in America in 1864, with only a 20-franc piece in his pocket. To-day he is the possessor of a fortune estimated from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. For 22 years he has been blind and yet he con-

tinues his work with undiminished vigor.

Joseph Pulitzer's whole life has been ordered in line of the most wonderful dramatic of facts. Born the terrible affliction of blindness must needs have a setting in keeping with the rolling drama. He endured blindness to the World's success, bearing the burden of both ends, until shattered, raw nerves and a persistent mist before his pale blue-gray eyes drove him to seek rest in a yeshiva order. One evening just before sunset, as his travel was

standing out of the Northwest and the Black Sea, looked full when the light came. He was at the end reading when he was plunged into darkness.

"Has the sun set or not?" he asked again, hoarsely.

"Not yet," answered a companion.

"It has," was his astounding rejoinder.

"Please take me below and tell the captain to get down."

Mr. Pulitzer's business has compelled him to witness the scenes of public life. He has known himself and seen his identity in his papers and particularly in the World.

When Mr. Pulitzer erected the building in New York which bears his name, he intended it to be the tallest building on earth, and for some years it bore this distinction. But it was to see little of its owner, for during the past twenty years he has only entered it two or three times. He spends most of his time on board his yacht, cruising in all parts of the world. He is always surrounded by a troop of readers and secretaries, and when the impulse to do a thing comes upon him his power of endurance breaks the youngest and strongest of them.

Some of Mr. Pulitzer's ideas on journalistic work are well worth noting, for they are equally applicable to other walks of life.

"Don't waste words," he has chosen in the case of his news and his editors and reporters. This precept has been stamped up in these

three words plastered all over the editorial rooms of the World. "Concise, Succinct, and every—J. F." An introduction to an article or "feature" for his papers "is a waste of time, good paper and words," he has pointed out and over again. "I don't want to read a thing three times and you have to do it when an editor tells you in headlines what you may expect to read and the reporter tells you in an introduction and again in the body of his story and sends two or three times more something that you know already."

There was a murder in New Jersey a year ago. The news had all been told when Mr. Pulitzer issued it. His editors were through with the "story," but he saw what they did not. He related to have a capable reporter read Tolstoy's "Resurrection" and get at the psychology of the murderer. "You have a great big human tragedy under your nose. Tolstoy would write volumes about it. Focus point a page in the World." Those were his instructions.

When Pulitzer wanted new blood among his editorial writers, he selected ten of the best edited newspapers in America, which were read to him every day. At the end of six months he picked the author of the editorials in a Detroit paper and added him to his staff.

He has always been in sympathy with those who work for him. During the panic of 1907 when few employers in New York were paying cash wages, he gave a premium of from \$1,000 to \$1,500 weekly in Wall Street for the gold with which his payrolls were liquidated.

## An English Impression of Laurier

GEORGE W. SMALLEY gives some of his impressions of Canada's Premier in the current *Fall Mall Magazine*. He met Sir Wilfrid for the first time during the Alaskan boundary dispute, when Lord Minto was Governor-General. Mr. Smalley was himself a guest at Rideau Hall.

The boundary question was discussed between the two men, Sir Wilfrid taking infinite pains to explain his views to the great correspondent. These views were not intended for publication, and Smalley was at a loss what to do about it. He finally asked

the Premier if he was at liberty to draw any inference from these interviews.

"Are you going to Washington?"

"Yes."

"Reach you see the President or Mr. Hay?"

"Surely."

"Well, if you think anything you have heard here likely to interest the President or Mr. Hay, I don't see why you should not discuss the matter with them as you have with me; if they choose."

I went to Washington. I saw both the President and Mr. Hay. I said, of course, I had no authority, but I had a strong impression, and this impression I laid before them. As a matter of convenience I had down a sum-

mary, at which I had sent Mr. Wilfrid a copy. When Mr. Hay asked me whether I had any notes of my conversations with the Canadian Prime Minister, I handed him this memorandum, rather a long document. He wished it read to him, and it was. Then we talked it over. Mr. Hay said:

"I suppose you will see the President. I shall see him also, but I think it will be better you should make your statement to him separately."

My belief is that both of them would have been disposed to consider the Canadian Prime Minister's attitude a reasonable one, and of an official proposal in that sense had been made, and if it had passed with the President to say yet or no, he would have accepted it. But acceptance involved a treaty, and what was the use of agreeing to a treaty which had to run the gamut of the United States Senate? "The government of treaties," the Senate at that time was in one of its most intransigent moods.

"Of all the runs of both nations there with

whom, then and after, I had talked about Alaska, Sir Wilfrid alone had a clear view of the danger, and he alone was willing to do what was absolutely necessary to make war impossible. For that reason he stands forth a great patriot, a great Canadian, a great Englishman. Worldwide or in his home he deserves a greater. It is not yet possible to do him full justice. It may never be. But his views and proposals and large vision in they were set forth in these conversations, put him, in my opinion, in the very front rank of statesmen of his time. The impression they made on the President and Mr. Hay was profound. They too were statesmen; but their heads were shod."

Mr. Smalley points out that Sir Wilfrid looked upon the Alaskan situation with gloomy forebodings. The possibility of gold discoveries in the disputed territory might lead to complications and even to war.

## Spiral Tunnels to Reduce Grades

The new spiral tunnels, completed last summer, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Field and Hector, B. C., are described in the *Railway World*.

"Several miles will be added to the length of the track, together with more than a mile of tunneling and a couple of bridges, but the 'Big Hill' grade will be so reduced as to more than double the tractive power of the locomotives. While the work meant the excavation of 650,000 cubic yards of virgin rock, the employment of 1,000 men for twenty months, the boring of about 1.5 miles of tunnels through mountains 10,000 feet high, and the building of two bridges over the Kicking Horse River, it is estimated that it will prove a splendid investment for the Canadian Pacific. It will reduce this big grade from



NEW SPIRAL TUNNEL ON THE C.P.R. NEAR FIELD, B.C. ARROW INDICATES THE ENTRANCE, WHILE THE RAIL IS IN THE BACKGROUND FOREGROUND

4.5 to a maximum of 2.2. This will mean that the biggest obstacle to the running of trains over the Rocky Mountains has been removed, and that in the future on this section of the line two engines will be able to do much more work than four have hith-

erto been able to do, at one-third less expense to the company, and with an almost complete elimination of the ever-present risk of life of operating trains on a steep grade. The cost of the improvement was \$1,500,000.

machines which has proved its efficiency in every hundred flights in the hands of several different men. It is especially remarkable that the same distinctive type of automobile was handled by men totally unacquainted in flying, yet their few successful runs from the start but only have Charles, Redding, Baldwin and McCurdy made

successful first flights, but it was demonstrated again, lately in New York at the Aero Club grounds that the various types, of possession of a solid base, could work an Aerial Experimentation type automobile successfully after only a few verbal directions given just before he left the ground.

## An Aerial Association Financed by a Woman

THE story of how the Aerial Experimentation Association was formed at Banfield, N.S., is told by Gilbert Grosvenor in *Recreation*. It appears that it was Mrs. Alex. Graham Bell who was really its originator.

In the summer of 1899, five men only casually interested in aviation were gathered together by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's home, Boston, through some accident, Cape Breton Island. Four of them were the young men, the oldest twenty-eight, and the youngest not twenty-one, while the fifth, Dr. Bell himself, was an aged and full of enthusiasm as to seem almost as young as they in his order. These men were, Alexander Graham Bell, best known as the inventor of the telephone, who for many years had been carrying on scientific experiments in aviation; Glenn H. Curtiss, of Hammondsport, New York, the young motorcycle manufacturer holding the world's record for the fastest race ever made in any machine, was with a motorcycle of his own design and manufacture; P. W. Baldwin, M.R. of Toronto, captain of the Toronto University football team, which won the Canadian Championship of Canada in 1897; J. A. Douglas McCurdy, M.R. of Toronto, who was who was some to prove his mettle by flying day after day at forty miles an hour in some weather, and last, Lieut. Thomas E. Selfridge, U. S. Field Artillery of San Francisco, who had already distinguished himself as a young West Point graduate, by his command of the U. S. Marines at the great San Francisco fire.

Mr. Curtiss was at work studying one of his most recent experiments, a machine of Dr. Bell's; Baldwin and McCurdy were his assistants, and Selfridge had come voluntarily from Newport to watch Dr. Bell's experiments, seeing there his chance of familiarizing himself with a line of work which he foresees must soon form an important branch of our army. Watching these men together, it one day occurred to Mrs. Bell what a fine thing it would be to unite these men with their different abilities into still closer relations. She therefore suggested that they form themselves into an association with the aim of "getting into the air," and added that she would gladly finance it herself with funds from some property of her own.

Dr. Bell received the idea enthusiastically and placed his laboratory with its splendid equipment and trained staff at the disposal of the proposed association.

Mrs. Bell had intended that the work of the association should be limited to the construction of structures of the tetrahedral form invented by her husband, but the latter took a broader view and insisted that the object should be to evolve a practical flying machine of any design. The association was organized with Dr. Bell as chairman; Mr. Curtiss as director of experiments; Lieut. Selfridge, secretary; F. W. Baldwin, chief engineer, and J. A. D. McCurdy, treasurer, and was to exist for one year from Oct. 1, 1907. Subsequently, the time was extended to March 31, 1909, when the chairman adjourned it.

Now Curtiss in America, and Baldwin and McCurdy in Canada are manufacturing and experimenting the new type of automobiles evolved by the joint efforts of the associates, while Dr. Bell continues to search for a perfectly stable form of flying machine in which the element of safety shall not rest on the skill of the operator, but the automatic action of the machine itself. While the association did not realize the chairman's ideal of an automatically stable machine, it did make great strides toward the desired goal. As a result of its eighteen months' work the association has a record of four flying machines successfully flung into the air, one of absolutely unique design and admirably great gasoline economy, but not tried, for lack of suitable motive power, and another unknown; the record of innumerable experiments put in permanent form for reference, and the training of four young men for service in the new branch of the world's work. Surely a great record of accomplishment when the art of aviation was still in its infancy, by a purely scientific association. The association was paid to the evolution of a distinct type of flying

THE assumption that a very rich man has an easy time in this world is disproven convincingly by Merion H. Forrester in *Munsey's Magazine*.

When the average man forms a mental picture of the life led by multimillionaires, it is probably a picture which has about as little truth in it as the conception which any one of us would form of the daily life and habits of a monk in the heart of Afghanistan. We would like to search out some fatiguing citizen whose income is about a thousand dollars a year, and who perhaps never had, at any one time, so much as a hundred dollars in cash in his possession, and ask him to describe the pleasure and daily life of a man who is very rich, and whom we may, for convenience, designate as Miss.

The man of modest income, as doubtless, knows that Miss keeps almost all his wealth in the form of actual money, that he has millions of dollars distributed among various banks; that in his vaults are millions more in United States bonds; and that the rest is in his office, and another such in his house, are having such a number of profitable new bags of gold, beads, solid gold. With all these millions, then, at his command, why should Miss need to worry? His pockets are full of ready money. If he wants anything, he has merely to demand a check or \$100 and a draft, and lo, the thing is done! He can travel where he likes in special trains. There are servants to do his bidding. He can serve his wife and daughters in scrumptious apparel, build houses and collect pictures, and the inevitable check-book will make all things absolutely simple.

What else has such a man as this? He has nothing to think of, more the gratification of his whims. He lives in a round of pleasure, and the only possible drag upon it is the possibility of his being taxed.

This is the way it looks to the man whose income is a thousand dollars a year. But, as a matter of fact, nothing could be more grotesque or farther from the naked truth. Perhaps, without dwelling that great wealth is a good thing to have, we may venture to look upon its results as are seen there in the lives of the true kings and all kings and railroad kings and others who have reached a point where their riches are actually remarkable.

Mr. Forrester shows by reference to Russell, Sage, John D. Rockefeller and others that it is not a desire for

pleasure that has actuated them in their pursuit of wealth, unless it is the sort of subjective pleasure which comes from a sense of power. But any such pleasure is counterbalanced by numerous disadvantages.

In the first place, the average man is often rather wrong in supposing that the multimillionaire man does not pay taxes on his great amount of cash. He may have the worth of money; but, taking into account his ordinary mode of living, his supply of ready money is very seldom large. The value of his wealth is not contained through banks and stored away in safe vaults in an idea natural enough to the man who has only a few hundred dollars, and who keeps this sum in a strongbox, or possibly in an old stocking, hidden away in some secret corner of his dwelling place. But the man of many millions is, first of all, too busy to lose the interest on immense sums of money by keeping them in the form of cash where they will yield him no return. The rest of it is in a mediated action which we do not feel prevalent among our rich men today.

Again, the fortune of our richest men are invested often in a hundred ways—in railroads, in industrial concerns, in newspaper companies, in undeveloped lands, and in stocks which may be quoted on the exchange at a very high figure, but which would drop tremendously in value if large blocks of them were to be thrown suddenly on the market. Hence, the very rich man cannot always instantly by his hand upon a large amount of money without incurring a corresponding loss.

Then there is the constant danger of attack. The rich man lives in a perpetual state of apprehension, always on the defensive, always ready to meet the aggressions of his enemies. But perhaps worst of all is the absence of all privacy in his life. The newspapers chronicle his every movement. The muckrakers see something sinister in everything he does. He is snaphotted. His servants are interviewed. Every bit of kitchen gossip which concerns him and his family is hurried into print with inevitable exaggeration.





no readily torn, and from other mail matter and bearing a specially designed stamp. These cards and envelopes are to be manufactured by the Department, sold for cash and distributed to the persons and firms who will send them out enclosed in envelopes, for advertising purposes, collection of news, etc.

There will be purchased, in advance, United States postage-stamps to the value of \$200,000, to be placed on deposit with the Department, as a nominal improvement of the postage on all matter returned. The patrons of the system will send out these cards and envelopes to their correspondents, who will use them for mailings—letters, orders, etc., without affixing additional stamps and therefore without cost to

themselves. The special design on the return envelope, or card, only on being mailed, becomes a stamp in fact and so has the certificate of the Government that the postage has been paid. The deposit is kept intact by daily payments at the postoffice covering the actual postage on each mail as it is received.

The promoters of the scheme estimate that the net increase of annual postal revenue as a result of its adoption would be at least \$16,000,000, which would about offset the current deficit.

## Keeping Tab on Freight Cars

THE way in which the railroad companies keep tab on their freight cars is entertainingly described by William Hard in the *Technical World Magazine*. A freight car is worth approximately \$1,200. When it is passed over to another road, the latter is charged 50 cents a day for its use, or \$177 50 a year. Now, as the fixed charges on this car are \$144, and its earning capacity is about \$67 a month, it is clear that the road that owns the car is not making money by letting other roads use it. Therefore, every road is extremely anxious to get its cars back.

On the first of last December the Pennsylvania owned 70,150 freight cars, 25,000 of which it had less than seventy per cent. of this number. More than thirty per cent. of its cars—that is, 20,150—were carrying loads on other lines. But the Pennsylvania was not left entirely bereft. In place of its own cars, it had adopted some of its neighbors' children. In place of the 70,150 cars which it had loaned to foreign lines it had borrowed, as rental compensation, some 58,201 cars belonging to other railroads from all parts of the United States.

The system for keeping a record of cars, as employed on the Chicago & Northwestern, is described in some detail, as being the simplest and most economical.

In the broad, well-lighted room, opening out of Mr. Betts' private office, there are a number of girls who spend their time affixing certain fluttering strips of paper to certain staples. These staples stand in two long rows along the middle of a long desk. Each strip of paper refers to one certain freight car. Each staple

refers to a certain big book kept elsewhere in the same room.

The poor modern freight car belonging to the Chicago & Northwestern Railway is bound to be impaled on one of these staples whenever it moves enroute on the tracks of the Northwestern Railway or whenever it crosses the tracks of the Northwestern on to the tracks of any other road.

The source from which the slips of paper come is the official record of the freight conductor. This record is a long sheet of paper which is sent to the conductor as soon as his train reaches the end of its run. Every morning a pile of these sheets lies in Mr. Betts' office.

The whole pile is placed under a cutting machine. The knife of this machine descends and slices off a slip at a time. Each slice makes a slip about an inch wide and each slip is the record of a car. It bears that a certain number, number 4735—on the way from Chicago to Portland, has now arrived at Cedar Rapids.

The resulting of these slips on their specified stems early in the morning. Pretty soon a boy comes along and takes each bunch of slips and the staple and carries it over to a desk on which is placed a long row of books. The records are now transferred from the slips to the books.

You look over the shoulder of the young man who is doing the transferring on book number three and you understand why the wild freight car can no longer escape from his eyes.

Each page of the book is ruled off into columns for all the days of the month. On the first of the month car number 12046 was at Levee, Wisconsin; on the second, it was at McKean, Illinois; on the third, it was at Cedar Rapids, Iowa; on the fourth, it was at Des Moines, Iowa; on the fifth, being still at Des Moines, it was delivered to the Burlington. There the record stands, the sixth to the Burlington. And the Burlington pays fifty cents a day as long as it has that car.

But look along the page. There are no entries for the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh or twelfth. But in the column devoted to the thirteenth of the month there is a little record of interest. Being interpreted, it means that on that date the Burlington delivered car number 12046 to the Santa Fe at Fort Madison, which is on the Mississippi. From that day on the Santa Fe pays the full amount of fifty cents. And it must keep on paying until it reports

that it has delivered that car to some other road.

The Northwestern therefore knows that the Santa Fe is in possession of its car number 12046. It doesn't know just where that car is on the Santa Fe line. It may be in Illinois, Colorado or New Mexico. But it is somewhere on the Santa Fe. And the Santa Fe keeps paying half a dollar every twenty-four hours until it can pass the charges on to someone else.

## Reconstructing Shakespeare's Theatre

Considerable interest has been aroused throughout the world, particularly among lovers of the drama, in the discoveries which have recently been made in London relative to Shakespeare's Theatre. *The London Sphere* has had one of its artists make a drawing of the theatre as it has been reconstructed, in the note-books of the

investigators. It combines the features of the Globe Theatre, as given in Vischer's view of London, executed in 1616, with the interior details preserved by a Dutch visitor to London in 1595. The sketch shows three surrounding galleries, marked poetus, sedilia and orchestra.



WHAT THE INTERIOR OF A SHAKESPEAREAN THEATRE LOOKED LIKE



## Salesmanship and Advertising

The True Creed of Advertising

By

HUGH CHALMERS

THE relation of salesmanship to advertising is the closest relationship known — closer than friends; closer than a team under single yoke; closer than brothers; closer than a man and wife, as there can never be separation and divorce; all salesmanship is part advertising, and all advertising is part salesmanship, they are the twin screw engines that drive the ship of business; they are like a chemical compound, each contains the other and is itself the thing contained.

Nitrogen and glycerine each is a power alone, but when combined in the proper parts they make the most powerful explosive known. It takes knowledge to mix them and a spark to set off the mixture, but the results are tremendous.

So with salesmanship and advertising. Each is a power alone, but combine them and you have the greatest business-producing force known. It takes brains to create and combine them, and it takes nerve to touch them off, but the results are worth while.

Every ad. is a salesman; every salesman is an ad. Advertising is salesmanship plus publicity. Salesmanship is advertising plus getting the order signed.

Advertising and salesmanship are alike in that in both you are trying to influence the human mind—trying to teach people to believe in you and your goods. Advertising is teaching; so is salesmanship.

The close relationship of salesmanship to advertising is most apparent, perhaps when we get clear down to bedrock and discover the real foundation of salesmanship—of doing business successfully. The whole business world rests upon a foundation of confidence. When confidence is gone, business is gone. Individual salesmanship depends upon confidence as much as any other transaction in business. If a man has confidence in you and in your goods you can sell him. You can not make many sales where confidence is lacking. If your prospect lacks confidence in you then your entire efforts must go to building up in

his mind a feeling of confidence. Now the greatest builder of confidence is publicity—advertising. Lack of confidence is usually due to ignorance. Unless you know a man well you haven't confidence in him. Unless you know a business house well you haven't confidence in that house. The greatest foe of ignorance is publicity. The saying that "publicity corrects all abuses" is a true one. Advertising makes you acquainted with the public. It gives people knowledge about you and your goods, and knowledge is absolutely essential to confidence. Big advertising looks like big sales; it makes people familiar with you; it unconsciously creates confidence. Without a doubt, the greatest force to-day in the interest of confidence—in the interest of credit if you will—is advertising.

Advertising and salesmanship are identical in their object.

What is their object? The distribution of goods at a profit.

How can this be done? It is done by teaching. That is what advertising is—teaching. Teaching great numbers of people to believe in your goods. And that is what salesmanship is, too. But advertising conducts a public school, while salesmanship gives individual lessons.

One of the oldest chestnuts in the talk of advertising men is: "We must carry on a campaign of education." Nearly every advertising magazine you pick up you read about some one carrying on a "campaign of education." When an advertising agent is up against it for something to say to his client, he assures him, with great solemnity, that he must carry on a "campaign of education." Let us get through with this old chestnut. All advertising campaigns are campaigns of education. If they are not education, they are not advertising at all.

The object of advertising is to teach people to believe in you and your goods; to teach them to think that they have a need for your goods and to teach them to buy your goods.

And the object of a salesman when he goes into his territory is exactly the

same. Judging from some of the advertising I see, and from what I know of a great many salesmen, I am convinced that neither the advertising man, nor the salesman has plainly before him the object he is trying to accomplish. Of course, a man who does accomplish an object without knowing himself the object which he is trying to accomplish is only a fortunate victim of an accident. We all know that this kind of an accident very seldom takes place.

I once learned a valuable lesson from a School of Expression in Boston. I went there because they said they could teach any one to talk in public. I do not know that I learned much about speaking in public, but I learned this one thing, which has been worth a whole lot to me ever since. The first thing that this teacher told me was that I had to have an object in mind when I was addressing an audience. He said, "Now, what is your object? What do you want to tell these people? Why are you going to talk to them? Get the object first fixed in your mind, and then talk about it, but if you get up to talk and haven't any particular object in mind, you won't make much of an impression." Now this "object" business is not only good for public speaking, but in everything we do every day. If you are going to write an advertisement, what is the object of it? If you are going to hold a meeting of 6 or 7 of your people, what is the object? If you are going to print a paper for salesmen, what is the object of it? You can see from these applications what a great point that is.

I have been in the manufacturing business nearly all my life and I have found that it is much easier to make things than it is to sell them. It took me some time to figure this out. It finally dawned on me that the difference is caused through the fact that in one case you deal mostly with machinery and metals, while in the other you deal entirely with the human mind.

Machinery is a fixed quantity. You

know exactly what a machine can do and exactly what it will do under given conditions. It is very often automatic and requires little attention from anyone. It is nearly always the same. It never changes its mind. It is very seldom influenced by outside conditions. Nearly every one who has some money can start a factory and manufacture things, but it doesn't follow that any one can sell things after manufacturing.

When you get on the other side of it and try to deal with humanity, you face very different problems. Humanity thinks. It has feelings. It has sensations, decisions, prejudices. It changes its mind. It is influenced by environment and the conditions surrounding it.

Here is a peculiar thing about humanity. It has always wanted and it wants now, teachers, leaders. People are willing to be taught. The man who makes a great success, I don't care whether he is a business man, a lawyer, a politician, or an advertiser, is the one who goes into the teaching business.

Advertising and salesmanship form the connecting link between invention and the use of any article. All the best inventions of the world would have fallen flat had it not been for advertising and salesmanship—had it not been for teaching people the use of new things. Therefore, I think I will not be stating the case too strongly to say that advertising and salesmanship have done more to push the world ahead than anything else. Through advertising and salesmanship, men have been brought to see and appreciate the blessings which the world affords.

What is salesmanship? Salesmanship is nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell. A sale does not take place in a man's pocket, or in his pocket-book, or his check book, but it first takes place in his mind. In order to make a sale you must convince a man's mind. When you go in to see him he feels that he

does not want to buy your goods. You feel that he should have them and would buy them if he knew as much about the goods as you do. Now, in order to sell him you must change his mind and bring it around to agree with your mind. So that when we once put salesmanship on this broad plane of convincing the other man's mind, it doesn't make any difference whether we are trying to sell a house and lot or a paper of pins.

Advertising is a process of salesmanship. It is a means toward making the other fellow feel as you do. Most frequently we hear that "advertising is salesmanship on paper." This is not untrue, and yet it is not wholly true. Advertising is more than salesmanship. It is an insurance on the continuance of trade. It is salesmanship plus publicity.

To show the value of teaching salesmen what to say to prospective purchasers—suppose you were a manufacturer and could call all of your prospective purchasers together in one large tent, and you would have them there for the purpose of telling them about your goods. What would you do? First of all you would be mighty careful about the man or men you picked out to talk to these people. You would pick out the man who could make the best talk, the man who, in the time he had to speak, could teach these people the most about your goods. You would want to know beforehand just what he was going to say before you would let him go on the platform. Now, what is the difference between talking to them one at a time? Then why not train your salesmen how to talk to each individual, since you would consider it so important to know what would be said to all of them at one time?

I believe if advertisers could get all of their readers together in one large tent, and would be able to say to these readers what they are saying to them in print, that nine-tenths of them would change their copy. If we were going to say things to people that we print, we would certainly be

more careful. Yet, there are more "bad breaks" being made to-day in advertising than in most anything else. Some advertisers seem to say everything but the right thing to their prospective customers. They would not think of talking about these same things if they were talking to these people.

It is, after all, all teaching, whether it is selling goods orally or selling them through printed matter. I am not foolish enough not to know that there are exceptions to this rule. I realize that there are certain well-established concerns who print very little about their goods and merely keep their names before the public, but any one else who wishes to go into the same line of business will fall absolutely by following these same methods. The only way that any concern can hope to take away a share of the patronage of another well-established concern in the same line is to adopt different advertising and selling methods. It is necessary for the new concern to give a reason why people should change their place of trading. If a man wants to start in the hardware business, the shoe business, or any other business, it is not enough merely to put an advertisement in the paper saying that you are in the shoe business or hardware business and expect people who are buying elsewhere, and are fairly well satisfied, to change their place of trading, but in addition to stating that you are in the shoe business or the hardware business, you must give reasons why people should buy shoes or hardware from you.

I think more copy writers and advertisers take it for granted that the buying public knows a great deal about their goods; at least, some of the copy would make you think so. They use all kinds of technical expressions and big words. I once heard it said that a man with big ideas uses little words to express himself, while the man with little ideas is always using big words to try to impress the people with the greatness of the little idea. Small words are more important in

advertising than in anything else. No one ever buys until they are convinced. You can't convince them until they understand. They won't understand unless you express yourself clearly, and the only way to express yourself clearly is to use small words that any one can understand. Most advertisers shoot over the heads of nine-tenths of the people they want to reach. They don't understand the art of merely talking common-sense to these people—the same kind of talk they would use if they were trying to sell them orally.

Next to the importance of what you say, is the way in which you say it. It is so in talking—it is so in advertising. The set-up of an advertisement is like the dress of a salesman. Suppose a salesman would go into a store to sell goods and would have on a hat of one color, a coat of another color, a vest of another, and green trousers. He might attract attention, but he would not make much of an impression. The set-ups of some advertisements remind me very much of such wearing apparel on a salesman. Of course, this is exaggerated, but nevertheless you see the point. In my opinion an advertisement must be just as simple in form as the dress of a salesman. Some people write an advertisement and then put a lot of red lines or heavy black lines around it, or all kinds of curly-cues, so that the most important thing about the "ad" is the big red lines, or the fancy type or the fancy border, when, as a matter of fact, that is the very thing they want to subside. Everything must be so arranged and the type so set that the attention is called to the most important thing and that is the statements you are making in the copy about the goods you want to sell. Everything must be subordinated to that.

Another thing in connection with copy: I think that all self-evident things should be omitted, such as "Are you in business to make money?" "Are you satisfied with what you made last year?"—and a number of similar clauses, all of which are foolish, and

it is foolish to waste time talking about things that are self-evident. Of course the man is in business to make money and of course he is not satisfied with what he made last year if he can make more this year. Don't waste time on non-essential things.

I have always claimed that all you can hope to do is to get a man to read the first five or six lines of your copy, and if the first five or six lines are not interesting enough to cause him to read the balance, the fault is yours. He gave you the chance but you did not take advantage of it. To prove this—one time we sent out one thousand circular letters, and they were all mailed under a one-cent stamp, and to show you that nearly all of these people opened the letter and read the first few lines, would say that this circular was asking for prices on the goods which the man handled, and out of the 1,000 letters mailed out, nearly 900 people replied by giving prices, which showed that nearly nine-tenths of these people received the letter under the one-cent stamp, opened it and read the first few lines of it, because nearly 900 of them quoted prices. This convinced me that much depends on the opening lines of any copy. It is the same thing in a personal interview. You are impressed by what the man tells you at the start. Let's eliminate all the "by-the-ways" in advertising. Talk straight business.

I once went in to see an old business man and wanted to borrow \$500. I went in and said: "I want to borrow \$500, and will give you my note for 60 days and I will pay you at the end of 60 days." He turned to the cashier and said: "Write Mr. Chalmers a cheque for \$500." He then said to me: "Young man, let me tell you something—you could not have gotten that money had it not been for the straightforward way you asked for it. Most men come in here and waste a lot of time by saying, 'Good morning, how are you this morning?' Nice weather we have been having the last few days. How is the family? And, by

the way, I am a little short of money and would like to borrow \$500 for a couple of months." But," he said, "I was impressed by the way you asked for it. You came in and asked me for the money right off, so I am going to let you have it." So, gentlemen, in this time and generation, let's eliminate all the "by-the-ways" and get down to straight business. It pays.

Now there is a lesson in that for advertisers, too. This is a busy world and getting busier all the time. Even those who have lots of time to read like to read direct statements. So get down to talking your business in the opening paragraphs of your copy.

I have had a great deal to do with salesmen. I was a salesman myself for a great many years, and I have employed and supervised the work of hundreds of others. There is an old adage which says "Salesmen are born and not made." I don't believe that. I believe that salesmen are made as well as born, and teaching will do a great deal to make a salesman. However, there are ten qualities which a man must possess to be a successful salesman, and as far as my experience goes, I should say that these principal qualities are Health, Honesty, Ability, Initiative, Knowledge of the Business, Tact, Sincerity, Industry, Open-mindedness, and Enthusiasm. I think these same qualities may be applied to advertising men, or, as a matter of fact, to any man, because, when you get right down to the facts, we are all salesmen. Every man is trying to sell his personality to some other man. He is trying to impress the people he meets. He wants people to think well of him; consequently he is a salesman, because he is trying to sell his good qualities to other people. A man may not have all ten of these qualities, but in proportion as he has them will be successful.

Now, when I say that he should have health, I do not mean that you want to go to the extreme of interfering with a man's private life and tell him what he should eat or drink, or anything of that kind, but I believe

that in the selection of men the question of health should enter largely, because, in my own experience, a healthy mind is better nourished in a healthy body than otherwise. The man who has health of body is surer to have a healthy mind than the one who hasn't bodily health. On the question of the health of a salesman enter those things he shouldn't do. There is hardly a salesman in the country today but isn't doing one or two things that are injuring him. The greatest thing that bothers us all is our habits. I refer particularly to the subject of eating, drinking and smoking too much.

A salesman's mind should be on the qui vive all the time. Just like a race horse, he should be ready to go when the bell sounds. Now, every man knows that he is better off if he doesn't drink at all. I don't think that drinking ever benefited any man, and the same thing applies to smoking, but there are some of us that can do these things temperately and who are not much harmed by it. But if a man wants to take a drink or two, he should not do it in the day-time. A business man particularly should not take a drink until after six o'clock in the evening. We see very much less drinking in the day-time now than ten years ago, and I am very glad to see it, because, as business men, we have no right to do that thing in the middle of the business day which will in any way interfere with our efficiency for our afternoon's work. I know of nothing that will so unfit a man for business as a drink or two in the middle of the day, because at two or three o'clock in the afternoon he is lazy and heavy and unfit for work, and a salesman, above all others, if he feels he must drink, should not take a drink until after six o'clock at night. The man who will stick to this rule will have more dollars in the bank at the end of the year than the man who does not. I speak from experience, like the man who says, "It pays to be honest, because I have tried both ways."

In speaking of honesty, I don't refer to it in its basest sense, because a man is nothing short of a fool nowadays who is not absolutely honest. But honesty goes further than just what a man does. Honesty means what a man thinks as well as what he does. After all, gentlemen, there is only one man in the world who knows whether a man is honest, and that is himself. Our wives think that we are honest, and whether we are or not it is a good thing to keep them thinking that way, but they could not prove it to save their souls, but I give it to you as good sense and business logic that honesty in all things must be the rule of all men if they are going to succeed. I will tell you that it is a good thing that some men are dishonest, because if they were honest, coupled with their natural ability, you and I wouldn't have much of a chance.

In regard to ability; I have found in my limited experience that most men have two arms, two eyes, two ears, a nose and a mouth, and considering their height, they weigh about the same. Now what makes the difference between one man and another? Nothing but brain power. That's all. One man has developed his brains further than another. If all men were created equal in brain power they would not remain that way. You remember the parable of the talents? Some of us are so afraid that what we have will get away from us that we wrap it up in a napkin and keep it, and we have that talent always, but we never add to it.

It has been my experience that there are but three kinds of men in the world—the kind you have to tell once to do a thing, and you can bet your life it will be done; the second is the kind that you have to tell three or four times, and the third is that great business-producing, creative lot of men who don't have to be told. They know what to do and they go ahead and do it. Dewey had initiative when he cut the cable at Manila, because he was on the ground and knew better what to do than the men at Washington.

ton did. What we call skill in a surgeon is initiative in a business man. If a surgeon had you on a table and had operated on you for appendicitis, and found he had made a mistake, and some other condition existed, he hasn't time to go and take a book from a shelf and say, "I will read up on this subject." No, he has to go ahead and finish the job, whether it is your finish or his finish. They call that skill in a surgeon, but it is initiative in a business man, because he must face critical situations, he must face untried problems and must solve them for himself. He must do something. I am more thankful every day that I live in a country where men have an equal chance, where poverty is no barrier to progress, but, in many, many cases, is a positive help, because it is only by learning to overcome the obstacles of our youth that we are taught to do things and know things, and are taught the value of a dollar, that we learn to overcome our troubles in business and are able to solve the knotty problems that confront every business man.

On the question of knowledge of the business, I have always noticed that the lawyer who reads the most law books and keeps up to date on law, is, as a rule, the best lawyer. I know the statement that "salesmanship is a profession" is worn threadbare, but it is true, nevertheless. A man ought to have all the knowledge of his business that he can possess, keeping in mind the old saying that "knowledge is power."

I remember once of being in Germany, at a salesman's convention, and there was one man there who had been banner agent for three years in succession. In awarding him the prize at this convention I asked him to tell the other agents why he had led all the rest for three years. He could not have answered better if he had talked a day, and yet, he answered in practically one sentence, when he said: "I defy anybody in all Germany to ask me a question about my business that

I cannot answer." That was the great secret of his success.

Tact is that rare quality which enables a man to know how to deal with his fellow men. Tact is something it is pretty hard to give a man. He must cultivate it himself. Some people mistake tact for "jolly." A man who can "jolly" you into something isn't always tactful; he is merely expedient. He has done the most expedient thing at the time, perhaps, but he probably hasn't been honest with you. So don't mistake the thing. Tact would not jump out of a window unless he saw a soft pillow at the bottom. It is pretty hard to describe it, but we all know that tact is a great quality to possess.

Sincerity is that rare quality which not only makes friends, but holds them. You can tell from the way men talk whether they are sincere or not. Men are affected by everything you say and do. You know that throwing thoughts at a man is nothing more or less than throwing something tangible at him. Now, gentlemen, I claim it is impossible to throw insincere thoughts at a man and have him catch sincere thoughts. I say it is just as impossible to do this as it is impossible for me to throw a cup at a man and have him catch a saucer. If he catches anything he will catch the cup, and I say that men are unconsciously affected by the sincerity or insincerity of the man they are dealing with; so I believe in being sincere in all things. Insincerity has taken a few orders, but insincerity never held a job long. I admire a sincere man, and so do you. I hate the jollier. It is your friend who criticizes you and your enemy who flatters you. Your friend is sincere, wants you to improve and tells you where you are wrong, and the man who tells you that you are the best fellow on earth when you are doing wrong, isn't your friend, because he is encouraging you to do things that are not right. Therefore, accept criticism that way, because it is your friend.

As regards industry, I think the man who coined that sentence "always

on the job" did a good day's work, because industry is a great thing. Keep busy! Keep doing your work right!

Open-mindedness is the willingness to take suggestions. The man who knows it all is standing on a banana peel placed there by the fool-killer, who is waiting just around the corner. The man who is not open-minded will get into a rut, and, after all, gentlemen, the only difference between a rut and a grave is the width and the depth. We should be all willing to receive suggestions. The day is not long past when salesmen used to resent suggestion. Most salesmen accept them nowadays. I have heard of cases where men have made suggestions to a superintendent and he has told them that that was his business and has gone so far as to "fire" them for interference. The man who is doing the work every day is the man who is best able to tell you how to improve it. I would just as soon be stopped by a janitor as by a general manager, because the chances are ten to one that the janitor knows more about the things he wants to tell me than the general manager does. So I say that if we are to progress we should solicit and gladly receive suggestions.

As to enthusiasm, a man might have honesty, health, ability, knowledge of the business, tact, sincerity, industry, and open-mindedness, and without enthusiasm he would only be a statue. Enthusiasm is the white heat that fuses all of these qualities into one effective mass. To illustrate enthusiasm, I can take a sapphire and a piece of plain blue glass, and I can rub the plain glass until it has a surface as hard as the sapphire, but when I put the two together and I look down into them, I find that the sapphire has a thousand little lights glittering out of it that you can't get out of the blue glass if you rub a thousand years. What those little lights are to the sapphire, enthusiasm is to a man. I love to see enthusiasm. A man should be enthusiastic about that in which he is interested. I like to go to a ball

game and hear a man "root" for the home team, and it never bothers me a bit, because I know that that man has enthusiasm. He has interest. I would not give two cents for a man who works for money alone. The man who doesn't get some comfort and some enthusiasm out of his daily work is in a bad way. Some men are almost irresistible—you know that; it is because enthusiasm radiates from their expressions, beams from their eyes and is evident in their actions. Enthusiasm is that thing which makes a man boil over for his business, for his family, or for anything he has any interest in, for anything his heart is in. So I say, enthusiasm is one of the greatest things a man can have.

The man who handles other men will succeed just in proportion as he keeps his mind on the important things he has to do. In conclusion I want to give you a suggestion as to what I have done for many years to keep my mind on the most important things. I keep before me at all times the ten most important things, and I have these in a folder on my desk, and as the things are attended to they are marked off and my secretary keeps making a clean sheet of the ten most important things, because I only want to keep my mind on important things. Transfer to some one else the details, because we men who handle other men succeed just in proportion as we can intelligently direct their efforts. The actual work we do ourselves doesn't amount to anything; it is what we can succeed in getting others to do that counts.

I might illustrate this by a homely story: Suppose a farmer had a 40-acre corn field, and he had a helper named John, and he would say: "John, go chase the pigs out of the corn field." John might chase pigs for a week and never know when he had got them all out, because he doesn't know how many are in there. But suppose this farmer should say: "John, there are ten pigs in that corn field, go get them out." After John had got out ten, he would no longer

er be chasing pigs that didn't exist. This same thing applies to us as business men. If we keep before us the ten most important things we have to do, we are sure that we are not chasing things that do not exist. Train your mind to do this. If I should ask almost any business man "What are the ten most important things you have to do?" he will have to scratch his head and think. Now, if he doesn't know what the ten most important things in his business are how can he be sure that he is working on these important things?

I consider that advertising is the greatest business in the world, viewed from many standpoints. In the first place, there is perhaps more money spent on advertising to-day than on nearly anything else you can think of, and yet it requires more skill and more care in the spending of it than almost anything else connected with business. It seems to me that an advertising man has a right to feel very proud of his

profession, which calls for talent and ingenuity on the part of those who practice it, but more especially because it is the profession which is doing more than any other, I believe, to solve the world's biggest problems. The world's biggest problem is the problem of distribution—the getting of things from where they are to where they ought to be. It is the business of the advertising man to find markets; to create demand, and to cut down cost to the consumer or increase the profits of the manufacturer as the case may be, through lessening selling expense. It is really wonderful when you stop to think of the influence which an advertising man can wield and the opportunity for service to his employer and to the public which is his: a good salesman is permitted to talk to one person at a time, or at best a half dozen persons perhaps, but a good advertising man has the privilege of talking to millions at one time.

you are to over-estimate the offence.

Before discharging a man, decide on a plan of action. Think out how you should deal with the offender—and be sure that the plan decided upon includes an application of the golden rule.

Be sure to keep your temper. Anger weakens your case. It irritates the offender, who probably already is irritated, or to some degree humiliated. Anger inevitably causes an unsatisfactory disposition of a case.

If you are in the right, you can afford to be magnanimous. Be big enough to be small if necessary.

Give a man a hearing. It is his right. You may be misinformed or not fully informed.

State your reasons for the discharge. That also usually is the right of the one being discharged. If you don't do this, the offender is likely to feel that you have not treated him fairly.

Don't humiliate an employee when discharging him. Don't discharge him before his associates, unless such

a course is absolutely essential to their and his best good. It is not your place to inflict a penalty. He may have earned removal, but "he is a man for a' that."

Except in extreme cases, give a man a chance to look for another position. If his presence would be detrimental to the best interests of the business, give him, say one week or a month's salary, and let him go at once; otherwise retain him in your employ with one month's notice.

Be careful about giving recommendations to men whom you discharge for cause. You sustain a moral as well as a business relation to the man you discharge, and to your fellow employees.

Finally, if possible, discharge a man so that he will realize that he, by his own acts, lost his position, not that you have discharged him. The man who is discharged in this manner is not likely to become your enemy, and is likely, through reflection, to become a better friend to himself.

## Discharging Men

By H. A. BLACK.

It is, of course, impossible to suggest practicable hard and fast rules for discharging employees, but there are certain principles which, if observed, minimize both the necessity and the disagreeableness of the task.

First, then, begin right by having to discharge but few men. Exercise care in selection. Hire men who have it in them to make even your bustle to hold your position. Too frequently employers hire a cheap man simply because they have a minor position to fill, and then after years of training have little to show for their efforts.

Further guard against the necessity of discharging employees by training them to be efficient. Men often are put in positions in which they receive very little training: they are left too much to shift for themselves.

A discharge usually should be preceded by a warning. Employers can minimize the number of discharges by speaking words of caution or encouragement or warning in season.

Before discharging a man be sure that such action is warranted. Many a man has lost a good position, and also his faith in himself and in others, through having been discharged on false hearsay or on too little evidence.

Don't discharge a man for trifles. To err is human. Some employers expect old hands on young shoulders, and make too little allowance for irregularities, which are the result of youth and inexperience.

Having decided that it is necessary to get rid of a man, don't delay. The longer you delay the more exasperated you become and the more likely

## The Canadian Financial Triangle

CURIOSITY has led Nathaniel S. Finberg to figure out in *Moody's Magazine* the dominant forces in the control of the larger Canadian corporations: He compiled a list of companies, whose capitalization (bonds and stocks) reaches or exceeds \$500,000 (including a few insurance companies of smaller capitalization because of the magnitude of their funds available for investment) and he discovered that the directors who are common to the 121 leading Canadian corporations can be sifted down to 48, all resident in Canada, with the single exception of Lord Strathcona. Of the 121 corporations, eight are operating outside of Canada. The 48 directors are on the boards of at least three companies of the 121:

THEY ARE:

1. Cox, Geo. A.; 2. Matthews, W.

D.; 3. Nicholls, F.; 4. Mackay, R.; 5. Pellatt, H. M.; 6. Mackenzie, W.; 7. Van Horne, W. Sir; 8. Osler, E. B.; 9. Lash, Z. A.; 10. Holt, H. S.; 11. Angus, R. B.; 12. Hosmer, C. R.; 13. Jaffray, R.; 14. Clouston, E. S. Sir; 15. Forget, L. J.; 16. Strathcona, Lord; 17. Drummond, G. A. Sir; 18. Allan, H. M. Sir; 19. Brock, W. R.; 20. Ross, Jas.; 21. Molson, H. M.; 22. Forget, R.; 23. Hoskin, John; 24. Hanna, D. B.; 25. Morris, D.; 26. Ewing, S. H.; 27. Greenshields, E. B.; 28. Mackenzie, D.; 29. Mann, D. D.; 30. Shaughnessy, T. Sir; 31. Kingman, A.; 32. Crathern, Jas.; 33. Besty, W. H.; 34. Melgren, R.; 35. Hays, C. M.; 36. Kéigour, R.; 37. Wainwright, W.; 38. Allan, H. A.; 39. Bickerdike, R.; 40. Rogers, Elias; 41. Smith, Wilson R.; 42. Plummer, J. H.; 43. Walker, B. R.; 44. Archer, R.; 45. Black, J. P.;

46. Reford, R.; 47. Gibson, J. M.; 48. Meredith, H. V.

Mr. Finberg finds further that at the bottom of the whole economic structure in Canada are twenty-three capitalist-directors who are members of ninety out of the total 121 corporations. In other words, these twenty-three men are the directive forces in practically all of Canada's economic life. Of the twenty-three nine reside in Toronto, thirteen in Montreal and one in England. Table A gives their names, the total number of directorships held by each one, and the distribution of their directorships in the different fields, transportation, industrial and financial, as well as the total capitalization and assets of the companies in which each is interested:

The same results may be indicated with greater prominence and clearness of the point under consideration by the accompanying chart.

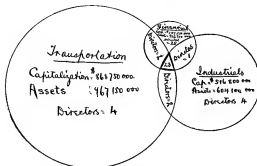
Referring to this chart, it will be observed that each group is represented by a circle the size of which was roughly determined by the total capitalization of each. It will be seen that twenty-five of the forty-eight directors are common to each of the three classes constituting the financial group, that only four are common to the four classes of the industrial, and that four also are common to both classes of the transportation group. The relation of each group to the others is shown by the "interlocking" of the circles which indicates that one director is common to the financial

and industrial groups, that two are common to the financial and the transportation groups, and that two also are common to the transportation and the industrial groups. But this "interlocking" reveals one other very interesting point, the number of directors common to the three groups, financial, industrial and transportation. This number is twenty-three, as has been stated before. It is represented in the chart by the triangle at the con-

We are now in a position to judge the extent of concentration of capital in Canada and the significance which must be attached to the personal equation as influencing the material welfare of the Dominion. From what has been remarked above, and from the impression derived after consulting the charts and tables, it will be clear that the fully developed joint-stock system of conducting modern business affords financiers ample scope to participate in the management of

TABLE A.  
A B C

Directors.	Transportation.	Industrial.	Financial.	Total Number Corporations.	Capitalizations.	Assets.
1. Cox, G. A. Senator.	1	9	19	29	\$194,300,000	\$383,600,000
2. Matthews, W. D. ....	4	8	17	29	410,200,000	603,200,000
3. Nicholls, F. ....	10	13	14	37	237,300,000	389,600,000
4. Mackay, R. Senator.	1	9	14	24	468,300,000	765,600,000
5. Pellatt, H. M., Sir.	1	10	2	13	100,800,000	101,500,000
6. Mackenzie, W. ....	1	8	13	22	214,000,000	266,300,000
7. Van Horne, W., Sir.	2	7	3	12	480,700,000	594,600,000
8. Osler, E. B. (M.P.).	3	3	11	17	357,000,000	541,600,000
9. Lash, Z. A. ....	1	1	11	13	183,200,000	350,700,000
10. Angus R. B. ....	1	4	10	15	418,900,000	698,400,000
11. Hosmer, C. R. ....	1	6	1	8	397,300,000	667,400,000
12. Forget, L., Senator	2	6	1	9	430,800,000	521,700,000
13. Strathcona, Lord	1	2	6	9	410,200,000	623,200,000
14. Drummond, G. A., Sir	1	4	9	14	393,700,000	669,000,000
15. Molson, H. M. ....	1	2	7	10	16,000,000	83,300,000
16. Forget, R. (M.P.).	1	4	2	7	95,000,000	73,400,000
17. Haana, D. B. ....	1	1	5	7	59,200,000	137,000,000
18. Greenshields, E. B. ....	1	2	5	8	104,500,000	305,000,000
19. Mann, D. D. ....	1	4	6	11	98,300,000	114,400,000
20. Shaughnessy, T., Sir.	1	2	3	6	335,400,000	620,500,000
21. Meighen, R. ....	1	2	5	8	359,000,000	481,800,000
22. Wainwright, W. ....	3	1	1	5	429,700,000	438,200,000
23. Allan, H. A. ....	1	2	1	4	88,100,000	140,300,000



junction of the three circles. It was this result which suggested the name "The Canadian Financial Triangle" as a title for this article. In this little triangle are to be found the twenty-three men who direct ninety out of 121 corporations, who control corporation capital to the amount of \$1,500,000,000 and assets to the amount of \$2,250,000,000, equal to 90 per cent. of the total capitalization and total assets of the 121 corporations examined.

any number of corporations. In Canada, the concentration of capital has developed to a very large extent. This is in conformity with the general world-wide movement of corporate activity. We need, therefore, not be startled when we learn that at the base of the economic structure in Canada is to be found a triangular formation consisting of twenty-three capitalist-financiers upon whom depend, in a very large measure, the type and direction of material prosperity.

# One Hundred and Thirty Pounds of Ginger

By EMERSON HOUGH

Suppose we now offer an autothesis, synthesis and analysis to this gentleman, E. C. Simmons, of St. Louis. That last named city jobs more manufactured hardware than Chicago, New York, Boston and Philadelphia put together. In simple truth, it was Mr. Simmons who put St. Louis in that place. He represents the answer to 1,800 employees, 400 traveling salesmen, and the largest merchandizing freight station in the world. He explains a railroad switch tracks under one roof, where 62 cars may be emptied at the same hour, or laden with goods destined for every corner of the world. For instance, all the corners of the world receive from this single hardware station three axes for each and every minute of the four and twenty hours. And an axe is only one of 80,000 items handled by the firm.

Slight, nervous, with iron grey hair, grey moustache and imperial, and a small fighting ferrier eye, Mr. E. C. Simmons weighs only 130 pounds, and admits that 120 is the best weight he ever made. But it did not take two minutes' talk to tell whether he belonged to the class of the peashers or the pushed. Almost anyone would at once accord him magnetism, salesmanship, energy, confidence, whatever you care to call that particular trait which not all men have and which not all men can gain.

Others have been as economical and temperate as Mr. Simmons; Mr. Rockefeller, for instance. Others as industrious; Senator Aldrich, for instance. The thing which enabled him to win was an untiring nervous system, the same sort of nervous energy possessed by Theodore Roosevelt; restless, tireless, never done with doing things.

This sort of thing is the gift of the

immortal gods, and in my belief the immortal gods have it in for anybody on whom they bestow it; because Mr. Simmons admits that in his early business days he used to get on the job at five o'clock in the morning and work until midnight, often without lunch. This, of course, in time ruined his digestion. It did not, however, ruin his energy, and it is in that, in my belief, that there lay always the success of his tremendous system of salesmanship. It is in this man's fore-ordained nervous system, his ability to keep going, to keep up his enthusiasm, and withal, to keep up his cool-headedness and good nature, that there lies the success-secret of this particular house, which has carried the name of one city to the front in at least one important branch of trade.

Ten years ago Mr. Simmons concluded to take it easy. He went abroad, but did not stay there. He bought him a summer house at Oronowoc, but did not stay there either. He wandered to spend his winters in Florida, but he did not stay there. When I met him, he was cheerful, and he was busy, nervously writing on a scratch pad.

"I am just getting out one of the circular letters which we send to our salesmen," he said. "The boys rely very largely upon me for that, even yet. I know something about salesmanship, and I can help our traveling men. It's confidence that sells goods."

"Now you ask me why I keep on working," he went on. "Here is one reason." He nodded to the clear-eyed young son of the house, who had been showing me the cyclometers and other details, and who does not yet spend his winters in Florida. "I want to hand over a great business success to my three sons."

"No, that is not the only reason," he admitted the next moment. "Neither is money the reason," he added, musingly. "I don't believe that is the reason most business men keep at it. I give you my word that is not the reason I have worked so hard. It was the *Gow!* Yet, it was the love of winning the *Gow!* that kept me at it."

His eyes lit up as he went on. "I play a little gold, but never for money. I like to win when I can. I play a strong game of whist, but I never play that for money. Still, I like to win in anything I go at. I believe any good salesman must feel much that way. Magnetism is a physical quality, without doubt; and it may be inherited, yes. But a fellow must have more than that; must have the wish to win, the energy to try. What else? Why, confidence. First, the ambition to win; second, the confidence that you can win. Those are the things."

"Now, it is business to build up that confidence all along the line. I am doing that in this circular letter I am writing. Suppose one of our salesmen should come into my office unexpectedly now. Nine out of ten employers would show surprise or irritation over it. I never do anything of the kind in such a case. I don't scold him, and I listen to him patiently, and he goes out of my office feeling self respect and not chagrin. Some time during the day I make it a point to find him, and I say, 'See here, my boy, you know we are anxious to make this a record month, and when you come in this way, without letting us know, you might disarrange our plans. In the future, won't you please let us know about that in advance? Record month, you know?'"

"Yes, I am a great believer in the business philosophy of *encouragement*. We want every man in this business to have confidence in the business, and confidence in himself."

Now there began to appear some reason for all these things. Moreover, any student of athletics knows something about the peculiar quality of nervous force which will put one man

across the tape while others apparently as good lag far behind. The compact figure of the man before me was little like the pithy front of the typical old French merchant of St. Louis, wealthy in his day, but belonging to a generation outdoors and outdoors. Mr. Simmons is 70 years of age. He has taken a lot of punishment, and can take more, for he looks not older than the fifties. I discovered that he was born of a German mother and a father of good old New England stock, at Frederick, Maryland; that he came to St. Louis while young, and was once accustomed to fish for croppies in a pond precisely where his big brick building stands to-day. St. Louis was just one hundred years old when he first went into business there with the firm of Wilson, Levering & Waters. Mr. Levering died, and Mr. Waters went into the oil business, and Mr. Wilson got scared when the business amounted to the sum of \$480,000 in annual sales. "So I bought him out," chuckled Mr. C. E. Simmons, modern welterweight. "And now we do that much in a week."

Satisfied that I had something distinct in natural endowment for a success-reason, I next wanted some idea, some differentiation point; and so asked him about that.

"Well, now," he answered, "along about 1864, when I was a buyer for our old firm, a man came along and wanted to sell us axes and I didn't like the axes. He said we'd have to buy of him, because we couldn't get them of anyone else. He said his axes were good enough for anybody. I have always done a great deal of my thinking while in bed. I often get up even now and write something which I think will make a good idea. That night I got up out of bed, and whittled me out a nice model axe-head out of wood and I wrote on it in pencil, 'Keen Cutter.' That was the origin of our trade mark and our quality-policy—the ideas on which our house has been built."

"We are sellers and not makers of goods. Once in a while, however, we



have to start a factory because we can't get good enough goods to go under our trade mark. Once we took a big order to a factory, different tools we named made, and they asked us what price we wanted to pay. I told them to make us the best tools they could turn out, and then figure the price afterwards.

"We kept strictly to that idea with all our goods. That catch line about the 'recollection of quality' I wrote a long while ago in one of my letters to the salesmen, but it was only about ten years, or so ago that my oldest boy took it up and began to make a hot out of it in a business way. The use of the line in advertising is therefore rather new, counted by years, but the idea back of it is as old as my business life."

He mused a while before he went on. "I suppose that's the secret of my success, if I've got any. That and confidence, and keeping at it, anticipating conditions as they change, adapting methods and goods to meet them."

Policies are expressed in acts. Here was another sign on the Simmons success-trail. How had conditions changed? I demanded. What had been done to meet, perhaps to hasten them? The answer sketched the creation of a great business out of confusion—its rebuilding again and again as new factors in its field arose.

"There have been seven distinct eras in the hardware business in the last fifty years," Mr. Simmons explained. "It's not a little satisfaction to recall that our house has taken an active part in ushering them in and in making the most of their opportunities."

"The first departure from tradition—the keen eyes sparkled as they ranged back across the innovations that meant progress—came with the employment of travelling salesmen along about 1805. Previous to that the men who called on the trade were collectors. Their names expressed their function—to get the money in. They took orders when these were given upon them, but of creating

business in selling as it is understood to-day by hundreds of thousands of sober, earnest, intelligent road men—they knew nothing."

"We were the first hardware jobbers to recognize that selling is the big end of the business and to send out men with that single object in view. That explains our growth in large measure—we were first in the field with the new tool, and we spend a good deal of time right now polishing, improving, keeping a razor-edge on our instrument."

"Trade-marking our goods was the second big advance. I wrote 'Keen Kutter' across that model axe of mine in 1864, but it was not until 1890 that we realized the value of branding our goods and making the brand stand for quality. It was starting an endless chain of advertising—the man who used one of our axes or saws insisted upon having our chisels or hammers when he needed such tools. But the trade mark holds so vital a place in production and selling to-day that I need not enlarge on its effectiveness. In the hardware trade it has a peculiar value since it is the dealer's chief defence against the mail order houses which sell direct to consumers."

"Those were the big creative ideas in our business," he went on after a pause to take stock of causes. "The later years brought development and expansion—chiefly along the line of selling methods and service to the retailer. For we have always believed that the interests of jobber and dealer were identical—that our success was based on the success of our customers and that progress must work backward to us from the advance of the retailer."

"Our assignment of territories to our salesmen and putting them on a commission basis in the late seventies—a great departure then, the accepted method now—was a development of this twin idea of sales and service. It put our travelers in business for themselves and gave them an incentive for nursing and developing the trade

of their customers. It supplied a powerful motive for working a full day, for taking the five o'clock train instead of the one at eight, since their earnings increased with their sales."

"Enlargement of our line," he said quietly, "had been a continuous process. About this time, however, we took another radical step in the expansion of our own and our customers' business. We added guns and sporting goods, and put all our resources at the dealer's command by issuing a complete illustrated catalogue of everything we had to sell. If the retailer hadn't an article in stock, he could sell from the catalogue and send us the order."

"That book cost us \$30,000—an immense sum to spend in advertising in 1880. It was not the first hardware catalogue, but it was the first complete one. How it increased our dealers' sales was shown by the increase in our own—over \$1,000,000 that year."

He shook his head thoughtfully.

"That catalogue may have helped to bring about the next era in hardware selling—by showing the mail order houses how to arrange and illustrate their own books. Our first effort to meet this competition failed in a measure because retailers would not recognize the coming danger and did not co-operate with us. I had noticed that the mail order houses were using bicycles and sewing machines as their 'leaders,' quoting amazing prices in their advertisements and securing thousands of customers."

"To meet these offers, we bought many thousands of excellent wheels and good sewing machines at nine dollars each, furnished them to the trade at flat cost, and urged our customers to sell them at or below the mail order figure of \$11.75—warning them of the trouble which growth of the catalogue houses would produce. The plan failed, however. The trade did not respond. Instead, many dealers bought our machines and observing their quality, marked them up, as high as \$18, thus defeating our purpose. Since then, this competition has

grown tremendously. It can be met only by quality goods, trade-marked and sold on a margin that gives volume and quick turn-over of stocks."

"Speed and accessibility to wholesale stocks enter here. Our first effort to facilitate deliveries—to improve service for the effect on sales—was the building in 1895 of our new warehouses over railroad tracks and the organization of our house methods to secure the greatest speed in the filling of orders and forwarding shipments."

"The final development of this service idea and the seventh era in this business, came with the establishment of branch houses at strategic market points in 1905, though this involved complete recasting of the methods and organization with which we had been operating. To save even a few hours in delivery of rush orders may mean the difference between a sale and no sale."

"For that reason we have gone to the trade—have put complete local stocks at their command—have made it possible for them to do two or three times their old volume of business on the same capital—have cut down materially the cost of distribution and put them in a strong defensive position touching their long-distance catalogue rivals. At the same time we have tried to impress the quality of our tools on the customer by widespread advertising. That, I believe, is the final platform on which we will meet the future—Service and Quality. And Quality, after all, means potential service to the customer."

#### NOT AN M.P. NOW.

In the article in our November number, entitled, "From Mill Hand to Mill Owner: the Life Story of Alexander Gibson, of Marysville," the statement was made that Mr. Alexander Gibson, Jr., was member of Parliament for York County, N.B. It is true that Mr. Gibson did hold this seat prior to the last general election, but he was defeated in that contest by Mr. Oswald Crockett, the present member.

## The Financial Head of a Great Railroad System



ROBERT S. LOVETT

HARRISON'S RECORDER AS HEAD OF THE UNION AND NATIONAL PAIDIC SYSTEM

Born in the village of Cold Springs, Texas, the son of a planter, Robert S. Lovett left home at the age of fifteen to work on a farm. There, one day, he saw something that made him sit up and take notice. It was a construction train on a new railroad. He went and applied for a job and got it. In time he was promoted to the job of cutting out and hauling ties. He lived with the construction gang, ate coarse food, wore coarse clothes and did coarse work. But he saved his money, kept his eyes open, used his brains as well as his hands—thirty years later he was made president of the road. With the money he saved on the construction work he went to school and ultimately became a lawyer. At the age of 39 he became general attorney for Texas of the Texas and Pacific Railway. That was the open sesame for many things. In 1901, when Harriman got control of the Southern Pacific, Lovett was a specialist in railway law and Harriman was not long in finding it out. He called Lovett to New York in 1903, and here he stands now on the topmost rung of the financial ladder.

## The Flexotype

The Flexotype is one of the most valuable additions to the list of modern office appliances. It makes the office absolutely independent of the printer for all kinds of forms, letterheads, directory letters, etc. In such work it effects a saving of 50 per cent.

It makes perfect typewritten letters in any quantity at a cost of 10¢ a thousand. The type is set up in a flexible steel form. Set up a dozen letters if you wish—say what you want of one, then stop on another. Matter may be left standing and filed in vertical files for future use. The three operations of setting, running and distributing, may be carried on absolutely easily.

The ribbon is 17 inches long, and costs 10¢. It is used until the cloth is worn out. It never becomes tinted, as it is automatically inked while in use, with absolute uniformity, by the ink roller. The last copy is the same as the first.

The typesetting device is entirely separate from the printing machine. The type is not picked up by hand. Matter may be set up or distributed at the rate of a line a minute after beer's position. The style of type may be changed in an instant.

No adjustment is necessary for direct printing—simply measure the ribbon. It is possible to print 1,000 letters, 30 each of 25 different letters, in one hour. Names and addresses are filed in on the typewriter with an absolutely perfect match in color and impression. The Flexotype is sold in Canada by the United Typewriter Company. Full particulars may be had upon application to their head office, 5 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.



THE FLEXOTYPE

## Hainer Bookkeeping Machine



HAINER BOOKKEEPING MACHINE

Among the many labor-saving appliances which of recent years have been introduced, the Hainer Bookkeeping Machine, illustrated in cut, marks a most comprehensive advance in accurate and speedy accounting by mechanical means. The machine is at once a cash register, an arithmetical register, an account register and a time recorder. It will not get barred during rush hours of business, and it will bring every customer's account up-to-date and keep it with automatic precision. There is nothing at all complicated about the operation of the "Hainer" Machine, and any one of ordinary intelligence can use it with but a moment's instruction. The Bookkeeping Machine, Limited, Toronto, 614 Baiter's Avenue, will send full descriptive booklet of this wonderful machine on request.

## The "Elastic" Bookcase

Among the variety of combinations possible with the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase, that shown in the accompanying cut is perhaps one of the most attractive and affords an opportunity for artistic display at all times. The distinguishing feature of the Globe-Wernicke is the telescoping metal interlocking strip, the importance of which merits special comment. It is this strip which gives opportunity to the Globe-Wernicke, for it assures perfect stability and alignment when two or more tiers, each containing three or more units are placed side by side. These tiers are also dust proof and doors are fitted with a patent equalizer which makes them run back freely and absolutely noiseless.

There is moreover opportunity with the Globe-Wernicke to utilize individual units, as they are now made in a large range of styles. Messrs. Benson Johnson Co., Ltd., their agents, 6 John St. N., Montreal, will send you their fully illustrated booklet on request.



WERNICKE SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

## L. E. B. Shock Absorber

The necessity of having a resilient element underneath the typewriter has been recognized for a long time, and rubber cushions, felt pads and other devices for giving a "give" have been patented and placed on the market with considerable success. The latest development along this line of invention for reducing wear and vibration is the "L. E. B. Shock Absorber," consisting of two hard springs which are fastened to the desk on which the typewriter rests in a manner allowing a give in all directions. This procedure absorbs all the destructive vibration caused by the action of the typewriter, shifts keys and rubbers, and it is claimed will add years to the life of the typewriter, preventing it is all its original efficiency.

The springs also allow the platen to give under the type-bar blow, preventing the cutting of the ribbons and making it last longer. The metal bands are durable and lasting, and the elasticity softens the touch, reducing the action and prevents the desk from rattling as the writing board, thereby eliminating the annoying drumming noise. Aside from being a shock absorber it is also a device for virtually attaching a typewriter to a desk or removing it without the use of tools. H. G. Brown, the Wernicke Building, Montreal, is Canadian agent for this unique device.

## Onward Sliding Shoe

Until the Sliding Furniture Shoe came on the market the ordinary furniture roller was considered a necessity. Even though it left its

slidest a necessity. Even though it left its unsightly mark on one polished floor and succeeded in making one's carpets and rugs, yet it was indispensable. The invention of the Sliding Furniture Shoe did away with these defects, at the same time doing everything a roller can do and doing it better. The accompanying illustration shows its construction. The spreading of the steel springs permits its rolling out at the exact time being ready to retract. The base is made of glass or Mott Metal.

The Mott Metal Shoe is non-abrasive, and are highly polished, can be used on any kind of floor, marble, tiled, or rough surface. Both the shoe and metal shoe are made to suit all kinds of house and office furniture, and can be supplied with leather at no extra cost. The Onward Mfg. Co., of Berlin, will gladly forward full particulars concerning the Sliding Furniture Shoe.



ONWARD SLIDING SHOE

## Answering Advertisements



"TALKING about a liberal education," said the manager of one of Canada's largest paint and varnish works, the other day, "there is one college that is open—tuition free—to everyone who can read. I allude to the Advertising Pages of the Magazines."

"These pages are, generally, fully as entertaining and instructive as the purely reading matter section. Nor is this strange when one considers the fact that a great many gifted writers and artists find more lucrative employment in writing and illustrating advertisements than they could possibly obtain in a purely literary or artistic field of endeavor. Owing to this circumstance, anyone given to the study of modern expression in art and literature can derive considerable benefit and a great deal of pleasure from Magazine Advertising Pages."

"Pretty nearly everything is advertised more or less extensively in the magazines. In many cases advertisements take the place of illustrated talks which are, in themselves, an education in certain processes of manufacture. But the real educational value of advertisements is secured through reading the wealth of booklets, catalogs and other matter that is freely furnished anyone upon request. This matter is, usually, splendidly written and illustrated; and, although necessarily somewhat biased, contains a mine of information concerning nearly everything under the sun—the extent, indeed, being limited only by one's energy in answering advertisements."

"I have frequently found my habit of reading and answering advertisements to be of the greatest practical value; and by this means have been introduced to many of my most cherished domestic and business-office possessions. You try it and see!"



FRONT VIEW OF NEW CENTURY DISPLAY COUNTER

## The New Century Display Counter

The unsurpassing advantage then, one of the most convenient feature either for office or store, that New York's has ever had the opportunity of examining. It is called The New Century Display Counter and is manufactured by Jones Bros. & Co., Ltd., 30 and 32 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Originally designed for a counter for grocers and drug stores it has been multiplied until

out from the back, beneath which are a number of drawers subdivided to suit the uses for which they are required.

Its uses are almost beyond number: Stationers and Printers use it as a sample cabinet; Manufacturers' Agents for the same purpose; Wholesale Houses in all lines for displaying special lines of samples; Photographers use it as a complete office showing their samples in



REAR VIEW OF NEW CENTURY DISPLAY COUNTER

It is now almost an indispensable article of furniture for any office or any business.

It consists of a cabinet made of rich and beautifully stained wood, three feet high and in standard lengths of 4, 6 and 8 feet, with a shallow display compartment in front with plate glass doors and fitted with plate glass shelves and a mirror back. The top is also clear plate glass also covering a shallow display space, consisting of polished wood drawers, pulling

the top, drawers in the front and goods ready to deliver in the back. Doubtless as a stock cabinet; Mining Brothers for specimens and stoneware; and all classes of Retail Stores as a means of displaying and storing small goods with the greatest amount of Display Space and the least loss space.

Space does not permit a full description which can be obtained from the manufacturers, Jones Bros. & Co., Ltd., 30 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

## Make Your Store or Office so Attractive that Customers will Linger

Display your stock so well that the good points of every line are brought out clearly and temptingly.

Our regular line of Silent Salesmen, Show Cases, Portable Partitions, Counters, etc., embraces many exclusive designs and convenient features that add "tone" and efficiency to any store which contains them; that will promote good display and that will enable you to realize every possible selling-advantage of your floor and wall space.

*The special knowledge of store and office fittings and arrangement we have acquired during many years of experience is freely at your service. At your request we will submit a special plan of store arrangement free of charge.*

Our Catalog contains illustrations of many of Canada's most up-to-date stores and offices. It is full of suggestions. Write for Catalog J, 10-day



One of our modern-priced cases. "The New Century Special," at \$49.50 per foot.

**JONES BROS. & CO., LIMITED**  
30-32 Adelaide St. West - - - - - Toronto, Ontario



**IDEAL FOR  
BABY**

*Canada First*  
BRAND

**Evaporated Cream**  
THE AYLMER CONDENSED MILK CO. LTD.  
AYLMER, ONT.

**The "Cambra"  
for Comfort...**

50 CENTS FOR 3



Famous  
Cambr  
Brand



BERLIN, ONT.

At 2 for 25c. you  
can buy this shape  
in ELK Brand  
named 'DAKOTA'



*Vapo-Cresolene*  
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough  
Croup, Sore Throat  
Coughs, Bronchitis  
Colds, Diphtheria  
Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

**Vaporized Cresolene** stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

**Cresolene** is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventative in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

**Cresolene's** best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

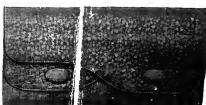
**For Sale By All Druggists.**  
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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Leeing-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

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the Newest Styles, Makes and  
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